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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

MR. GERARD ON ABOLITIONISM.

[Not long ago there was a Union-saving meeting at the Cooper Institute in this city, over which James W. Gerard, Esq., a well-known lawyer, presided. From his speech, made on taking the chair and reported in *The Herald*, we give some choice extracts.]

THE history of the abolition principle is a very short one. Some five and twenty years ago a few misguided men—and, I believe, a few misguided women also (laughter)—took it in their heads—some from fanaticism, some from mischief and some from devilry—took it in their heads, knowing no more about slaves than they do about the spheres that live above us, to alter the institutions of our sister States, and to declare that that institution—which had been entailed upon them by their British ancestors—should be burst asunder. Why, I remember well the day when he or she who proclaimed himself or herself an abolitionist had to skulk away from public indignation (applause). I remember well the day when they held their meetings in lanes and alleys and bye-corners; and I remember well when they were hunted out of their dens, when the tar pot was prepared for them, and they fled from it and from the indignation of the people (loud cheers). How, then, happens it that this principle, with that contemptible beginning, has made some progress in our land? I will tell you how. The politicians got hold of them (laughter and applause). And if there is any class of men whom I detest above all others, it is the professed, trading politicians (cheers). A time occurred when the grand issues between the Whig and Democratic parties were at an end. There was nothing more to fight about, and Whig and Democrat sat down together like the lion and the lamb, kissing each other (laughter). Ah! but that would not do for the politicians, who wanted to ride the popular wind and direct the storm (laughter). That would not do for the miserable scum who wanted to rise to the surface upon the agitation they created (cheers). Hence it was that Tammany Hall became separated in two, and the old Whig party went gallavanting after strange gods (laughter). Then both sides began to bid, and there was an auction for votes. There was the Irish vote, large and powerful and most respectable, and whig and democrat began to bid for them. Then came the German vote, with their legions, that swept the city. High bids for them. Then came the small abolition party, and a higher bid for them (cheers and laughter). Therefore, charge your politicians with the high crime of bringing into existence and into power a miserable, contemptible principle that the whole country had trampled upon (loud cheers). And yet, my friends, they have not grown much. For a large country containing some twenty-six millions of people (and I hope the country will last long enough, under the broad banner of the Constitution, to embrace one, aye and two hundred millions of people), they have not grown much (applause). About twenty thousand abolition votes, I can tell our Southern friends, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, from Florida up to Maine, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—twenty thousand would cover the whole fraternity. And yet they make a great noise. One man, by crying "fire!" can disturb a city; and a boy who cries out "mad dog!" will send the poor cur soon to his doom (laughter). Why, you conservative men make no cry. You are not found on the housetops proclaiming to your country that you are for the country, for the law, and for the Constitution. You act the part of good citizens; you do your duty; you do not boast of it; you neither go to the highway nor the byeway; you neither make broad your phylacteries, nor enlarge the hem of your garments; you do not call upon people to look down and see how you worship (cheers). But the abolitionist takes the speaking trumpet; he goes upon the housetop, and he blows a blast. But after all it is but wind (laughter and applause). Why, my friends, I tell you the time was when they skulked, until their friends and partisans brought them out from their dens, where they skulked the gaze of honest men. But now this small band, how bold they are! How bold they are! Why, the man who twenty years ago dare talk of treason—the man who twenty years ago dare whisper to the winds the possibility that the Union might be dissolved—would be struck to the earth as a recreant to the cause of liberty throughout the world, and a traitor to his country (applause). But now, emboldened by the countenance of the politicians, treason stalks abroad in your land; is preached from your pulpits; and on the very platform on which I stand—in this temple, dedicated to science, and upon its gable front dedicated to the Union in letters of stone—I have heard from this platform treason preached in this your blessed country (applause and groans); have heard the men who have gone down to your unoffending brethren in the South—who have gone with pistol, with pike, and with sabres by the hundred, to place in the hands of the slaves, against their masters—where the power and majesty of the law took hold of these men, and condemned them to the just punishment for murder and treason (prolonged cheers)—I have heard these men, on this platform, called saints and martyrs, and canonized as such, and in their apotheosis placed by the side of the immortal Washington (cries of "Shame, shame!"). My blood boiled at hearing such enunciations; but I paid the respect due to public discussion. I am a friend to free discussion; but let there be an overt act, and then to the gallows or the lunatic asylum (enthusiastic cheering). Who are the friends of the slave? Who are they? Are they the abolitionists? (cries of "no"). I am not worth much (incredulous laughter). I have not much money to spare, but I will give two dollars for every one that an abolitionist will make an affidavit he ever gave to the slaves to redeem them from the state which he professes to deplore so much (applause). If any abolitionist will make an affidavit that he ever gave a dollar, I will give him two (cheers and laughter). Ah! my friends, I have seen the operation of that. I have seen the friend of the slave who wanted to buy his own freedom, and, perhaps, the freedom of his wife and child. I have seen him shun the door of the abolitionist and go to the office of the merchants of New York—the conservative men, who opened their purses and their hearts, and have given freely in the cause of the slave who wished to buy his own and his family's liberty (cries of "true," and applause). No man ever thinks of going to an abolitionist. If you ever hear of a runaway slave, he will run away from the abolitionist after he has been in his company one day, quicker than ever he did from his master in the South (laughter and applause). Now, what have they done for them? I'll tell you what they have done. They have fastened their manacles upon them for half a century. Their embrace is poison, and their counsel is death. Why, do you not remember (there are some old enough here to remember) before these poor, miserable men and women began to spew their nonsense on the country, that Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky were discussing the gradual emancipation of the slave, just as we had done in the North. But when they were asked to do it by compulsion, then they drew themselves back, and swore that they would not be compelled by Northern abolitionists to do that which their own duty prompted them to do, if they had been let alone (loud cheers). Therefore, the slaves of the South have to thank the abolitionists for this; that they have deprived them of many valuable privileges which their masters were giving them—privileges of religious instruction, privileges of educational instruction, and they have bound them down, as I have stated, for at least half a century to come (applause). But follow me a little farther. I will not speak long. You find a good many abolitionists in the West—the State of Ohio one of the leaders of it. What have those Western States done? If the slave will run away from his master—if he will, with knife in hand—in all probability having used it against his master—come to them as a runaway slave, they will receive him in that State with open arms, take him to their board, and almost to their bed (laughter and cheers). But let the master set that same slave free—let the master say, "Go where you will. Go to your friends in Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois. Go there." What have those free States done where abolitionism prevails? They have locked the door against them, if they come as free men (laughter and cheers). If they but come as slaves—if they will violate their duty to the master—if they make an infernal noise and clamor (laughter)—if they give them any capital, then the abolitionist hugs him to his bosom. But let them come as freemen, made free by their masters, and the great majority of the Western States have passed laws, and are now passing them, prohibiting free blacks from ever entering the limits of their State (cries of "That's consistent," and laughter). But "Ah!" says the abolitionist, "you are too sensitive, gentlemen of the South; you are too touchy; you talk too much, and you shouldn't mind what we say (laughter). We are only in sport; let us carry out our abolition principles here, and have a little amusement; let us call upon this platform the talent and character of this section of the country to preach sedition in the land, but for Heaven's sake don't be angry" (laughter). And you will find the tuppeny papers of the day—I hope the reporters will put that down (laughter)—spreading taunts and ridicule through the land, spitting their worst venom at the South, and yet curiously inquiring—"Why are you angry?" My friends, have any of you lived in the Southern country, on a plantation, with a planter of intelligence and wealth—his wife and children, may be daughters, around him—surrounded by hundreds of slaves perhaps, and no white man within a distance of several miles? If not, and you can imagine yourselves there, think of the females of that family when lying on their sleepless pillows, and anticipating the crack of those pistols which some Northern miscreant has put into the hands of their slaves for the purpose of making of that peaceful home a scene of desolation and murder. You may possibly imagine that; but surrounded and protected as you are by society, you have never felt it. Yes, they will excite the slave to the verge of madness, put the pike, the pistol, or the sword in his hands, and then coolly ask the Southern planter, "Why, what makes you so sensitive?" (laughter). Why, my friends, if a man should cast a firebrand into your building by night, though only in sport, and the law catches and convicts him, won't it hang him as a felon? Of course it will. What, then, should be the fate of any man, be he white or black, high or low, humble or poor, who, either by giving material aid or by his counsel, instigates the blacks of the South to rise in millions against their masters and lay desolate one of the most beautiful portions of our country? I will tell you what his fate ought to be. I do not mean poor wretches like those who went down in Virginia to execute the plot so happily frustrated, but those master spirits who remain at home, who draw the wires and lay the plans for others to execute—these are the men who, if they committed an overt act, I would hang as high as Haman's gallows, which was prepared for Mordecai (immense cheering).

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN HOUSE.

From The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

UPON the development of the Helper iniquity, it appeared that Mr. Marcus Spring, of the house of Bailey, Southard & Co., of New York, had been subscribing to aid the cause of Brown, Helper & Co., by the hundred dollars. The house of which he was a member was largely engaged in the Southern trade; and when his liberal support of the crusade against the South was noised about, it became advisable, for the sake of the house and its Southern popularity, that he should ostensibly retire from it, as it could not be supposed reasonable that the South would throw its custom into the hands of men who were whetting their knives to cut the throats of her people. But it is understood that Marcus Spring is still a partner, though a special and silent one. We see that the bodies of Stevens and Hazlett were consigned to Marcus Spring, Perth Amboy, and that Mrs. Spring (amiable lady!) sent on money to pay the expenses of their transportation. Now, it would seem that the love of Brown-Helperism and sympathy with Brown and his followers spring unceasing in the breast of Spring, while, on the other hand, his fondness for Southern money is not less enduring. But it is to be hoped that, as inconsistent as are the facts of Southern men in this matter of purchasing from their known enemies, they will contribute less than heretofore to the means of Marcus to aid the Brown-Helper party.

MR. GARRISON'S INFIDELITY.

From The Independent.

WE have been charged with slandering Mr. W. L. Garrison and his school when we have spoken of their attitude toward the Bible as sheer infidelity. But what is an infidel in the common meaning of that word? One who denies that the Bible is the revealed Word of God; one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divine origin and authority of the truths which they contain. Now what says Mr. Garrison upon these points? In noticing Dr. Cheever's recent Biblical argument against slavery, *The Liberator* says:

"Dr. Cheever has here met the pro-slavery arguments drawn from the Bible with consummate logical acumen, scholarly ability, and irresistible power. We commend this work to all who profess to revere the Scriptures; at the same time protesting against making the rights of man to *depend upon any parchment whatever.*"

Mr. Garrison then does not even *profess* "to revere the Scriptures." He treats them as he would any "parchment," ancient or modern. He concedes to them no authority over his opinions or conscience. Is he not an Infidel?

Selections.

WARLIKE PORTENTS IN KENTUCKY.

THE BEREA DIFFICULTIES—LETTER FROM C. M. CLAY.

From The Mountain (Richmond) Democrat, March 29.

WORD having been conveyed to the Vigilance Committee that Hanson, notwithstanding the three visits already made to Berea for his benefit, had again returned, with the avowed intention of remaining, a portion of the committee, to the number of eighteen or twenty, hastily collected together on Monday morning, and proceeded to Berea for the purpose of removing Hanson from the limits of the county. Circuit Court being in session, and a majority of the committee being retained as lawyers, grand and petit jurors, and witnesses, and the general expectation that the visit would prove as fruitless in its efforts to find Hanson as the previous ones had been, will account for the small number who went. Those present generally wore side arms, three fowling pieces only being in the crowd.

Stopping at Berea, the committee were informed that Hanson was at a certain house, some three miles further on. The committee proceeded to the house indicated, and, as they rode up, a woman emerged from the rear and struck across the fields. After a thorough search, the house was found to be tenanted solely by women. No one in the shape of a man was observed, and the general supposition is that Hanson escaped, as they rode up, in female disguise.

On the way home, when near Slate Lick Springs, some two miles beyond where the mill of Hanson is located, the committee came across some thirty men, headed by Green Haley, and armed with rifles and shot guns. The leader of the committee, Col. Reuben Munday, rode forward and asked if the party were for peace or war. The answer was that they understood that the committee had Hanson under arrest, and that they intended to rescue him. The party drawn across the road immediately fired at the committee, who dismounted, hitched their horses, and returned the fire. After the first fire, the opposite party commenced a drawback movement, retreating to, and taking refuge in, a house, forming it into a temporary fort. The committee followed them closely and returned their fire, until having housed them, and their ammunition giving out, they retired. Some three or four rounds were fired by each party, with intermediate discharges from the weapons of parties on either side.

Two of the opposite party are known to be wounded, perhaps more. We heard a report on Monday night that one man was known to have been killed, but could trace it to no responsible source. On the side of the committee not a scratch was received.

On the return of a portion of the committee with the news of the fight, the excitement in town raged to fever heat, and every one commenced preparing for a brush the next day. Rifles, shot guns, pistols, powder, buckshot, and lead were in request, and from all portions of the town was heard the bustle of preparation.

On Tuesday morning the people commenced assembling at the place of rendezvous, and by ten o'clock between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty men had collected, who proceeded to the locality of the previous day's conflict, and made a thorough search of every house and possible place of concealment for miles around. No enemy was found, however, and the committee returned. The only event of interest occurring on Tuesday was the dismantling of the mill belonging to the man Hanson.

To-day our town has settled down into its usual quiet.

LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL, Ky., March 29, 1860.

To the Editors of The Louisville Journal.

THE secret purpose of the leaders of the attack upon the "Radicals," at Berea, was to suppress Republicanism in Kentucky, and aimed more especially at me. Knowing that I relied upon the justice of my cause, and the irreproachable and patriotic purposes of my whole action in the Commonwealth, I in good faith cut myself away from the revolutionary doctrines of the "Radical Abolitionists," and the unfortunate purposes of those who in their persons made an armed insurrection against the non-slaveholding whites of the Commonwealth. The proposition that the Legislature should, as it could constitutionally do, enact a law to meet the difficulty, and thus avoid all violence, was met by Radical Abolitionists of the North, and their enemies here, with equal denunciation. The reason alleged was, that it was useless to drive off those non-resistants whilst I was left to agitate the slavery question! And it is well known that my personal and political enemies desired to include me in the proscription! Nothing but the *friendship* of some of the committee (when the proposition was made) and the conservatism of the country prevented. Finding that they did not get a safe opportunity to attack the Republicans through the Radicals, who they supposed would be defended by us, they kept up their threats against me till my Frankfort speech rallied around me all the true lovers of constitutional liberty, and thwarted for the time their criminal designs. Everything that I have said offensive to the slaveholding interest has been studiously paraded in the press and elsewhere, and calumny added, both by the slaveholders and the "Radical Abolitionists" of the North, to consummate my ruin and the downfall of the cause of liberty here.

J. G. Hanson, one of the expelled Bereans, returned to Kentucky, his native State, on the *3d day of this month*, as published in a letter to the Centreville (Ind.) *Republican*. The mob again threatened him, but faintly; he retired, which was well known here in all circles, to the mountains for awhile, and then was generally at Berea, having preached and attended Sunday School more than once. But so soon as it was known that I was in Berea on Saturday a great excitement was got up and stories circulated that I was there marshalling my forces against the revolutionary tribunal. By Sunday night, the mob had taken the field, and on Monday brought on the collision at Berea, by "illegal search" of the houses of citizens there without warrant, adding insult to injury, ostensibly to find Hanson, but in reality to raise a row, which they succeeded in doing, several being shot on both sides. And the Revolutionary Committee, driven back, rallied again on Tuesday, and, finding no one, broke down that terrible thing—the saw mill—and declared vengeance against me and the Republicans who were engaged in the fight. What was my true position? Standing on the doctrine of the Frankfort speech, I advised Mr. Hanson to leave the State, and thus save himself and my friends from the conflict which I well knew was *premeditated* by the Revolutionary Committee. On Sunday night, I stayed at Kingston, where I stated the whole thing, and my message of peace to Berea, to several slaveholders. One of the Revolutionary Committee being present, I was then informed by that committee man that they were "*after me certainly*"—*that I "was the one wanted"*; and it was currently reported that a special detachment had been sent to "*take me*" wherever found! which the said detachment was very careful not to do! At the same time the old letter of protest, which Hanson wrote on the 10th inst., to Judge Field, was now talked of as being dictated by me at Berea on Saturday, to stir up the community to madness, and execute vengeance upon me, without time for truth or reflection. On Tuesday I was no doubt saved from this ruse only by timely taking the stump and showing the true people of Madison what I had really done; and that some of the mob knew the whole thing on Monday, and *had suppressed it with a view to connect me with stirring up war in the State!* That committee well know, while I shall not defend the radicals in their mad purposes, that I will not be driven into acquiescence in their usurped power, nor from the defence of all Republicans who are attacked in their persons or property *because only of their Republicanism*. They desire to renew the fable of the wolf and the lamb, and by the committal of outrages against my friends, which I am pledged to resist, to consummate with a show of public justice their own criminal designs against my life and cause. I publish these facts that all honest men may not be deluded; that we may stand or fall upon our merits, and not be overwhelmed with clamor, which is the strong weapon of mob violence always. The Governor may make his demonstrations—the "Minnie rifles" and "cannon" may come on to extinguish the just indignation of outraged freemen in vain. Standing upon the *laws*, the *Constitution*, and our *own patriotic purposes*, we shall not be intimidated by this new accession of power in the suppression of our rights. If civil war is begun, it will be begun against our most earnest implorations of the forbearance of friends, and most solemn protest against the aggressions of enemies of the common liberties of all! If blood be shed, it will not be first shed by us! If the States shall fly to arms, and citizens, North and South, become involved in one common ruin, *let those who shall begin the conflict answer for the end.*

C. M. CLAY.

MR. CLAY'S APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF MADISON COUNTY.

From The Louisville Journal.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF MADISON COUNTY: Learning from a reliable source that the Revolutionary Committee of Madison are about to meet in Richmond again on next Monday, to take into consideration who are to be proscribed, and having understood that I only escaped their denouncement last Tuesday by a small majority, and that I am again to be considered on Monday, I avail myself of this means of making my protest and defence. I would greatly prefer always to meet my accusers face to face, and there make my defence; but as friends have insisted on my avoiding any pretence for a conflict, I yield to their wishes, and make this written appeal. In the first place, I, as a free citizen of a Constitutional Commonwealth, most solemnly protest against any power on earth but the legal and regularly constituted authorities of my country to decide in any manner upon my "life, liberty or property." I regard, all impartial men will regard, him as the worst enemy of true liberty who acquiesces in any usurpation, on the part of any man or set of men, of the sovereign power of the State. If every man in Madison was to assent to the usurpation, it would be none the less an overthrow of the Constitution; which can be annulled, set aside, changed or disobeyed with impunity only by the legal representatives of the people in Convention assembled. But, according to the known facts, but about a fourth of the county signed the papers protesting against the doctrines and action of the "Radical Abolitionists," Rev. John G. Fee and others. And it is well known that a very large number of those signing that paper were and are utterly opposed to any other than legal proceedings against those unhappy men, women and children. So that the committee have not the show of authority, three-fourths of the county having absolutely refused, amid threats of intimidation on the part of the movers, to sanction their illegal action. But, waiving all these considerations, I do not fear to plead to you on the merits of my cause. If it was a crime to resist the will and action of this revolutionary movement, I have not done even that, except by the high moral power of an earnest protest, refusing to join by force of arms in a common defence with the exiles. My reasons for this are these: I regarded the radical doctrine that "there is no law for slavery" as revolutionary.

To deny the potency of the Constitution and the laws is to set up an independent government in opposition to the existing government and laws, the two necessary policies and jurisdictions of which must inevitably at last come into physical conflict. And while I am opposed to slavery on all possible grounds, my love and respect for my Constitution and my country override all other political considerations. My theory is, that slavery is a creature of law, and the subject of support, modification, increase or destruction, as any other policy, and to be reached in the same way only—by moral suasion, by speech, by the press, by the laws and by the Constitution; that so long as it constitutes property, by laws, the laws must be respected and enforced in good faith; that the majority have the right to rule, because we know of no other or better way of promoting the ends of government, the safety and happiness of the whole of the governed; that if the slaveholders thus rule, we will acquiesce—and if we thus rule, they must also acquiesce. And therefore the Republicans in Kentucky have been opposed to, and have steadily denounced, any illegal interference with slaves, from home, at home, or abroad; they have given no countenance to the escape of slaves, to insubordination, or to servile insurrection. Hence, on the 4th of July, 1856, at the Slate Lick Springs, in this county, when the Rev. John G. Fee avowed from the stump the Radical Abolition doctrine, I denounced it from the stump. He was Corresponding Secretary of the Central Republican Club; at our first meeting in Richmond, he was displaced, and a Republican elected in his stead. When he was mobbed in several places, when his co-laborer, the Rev. James S. Davis, asked my aid in defending Mr. Fee, I addressed a letter, dated Oct. 8, 1857, declining to identify myself in any way with Mr. Fee's doctrine or action. These letters were first published in *The Washington Republic* in the face of the world, and were republished in *The Louisville Journal* and other Kentucky papers. Again, when the movement was made against the Bereans I took the same neutral ground, in letters addressed to *The Richmond Messenger*, and to the Cincinnati papers, only one of which was published in *The Cincinnati Commercial*, dated White Hall, Ky., December 28, 1859, but which, I know not by what means, failed to reach Judge Field until the Monday following; and, the exiles being gone, I went into *The Messenger* Office, and took it away, as the occasion for its publication had passed. Again, when I heard that J. G. Hanson, one of the exiles, had returned, I went, on Friday last, to the house of Alexander McWilliams, where we talked the matter over, and we coincided in opinion, as we always had done, that our friends should separate their fortunes altogether from Hanson and his party. On Saturday, with John H. Rawlings, I went to Berea, and there used all my influence to persuade my Republican friends not to identify themselves at all in any manner with Hanson, but to ask him to sell his mill, and move from the State, as his presence would be a continual source of discontent, and might possibly involve the Republicans in a conflict, when innocent men might be killed. I stayed all night with William Stapp, where the same views were uttered and concurred in. I returned again through Berea, enforced with a parting word the same advice, and was leaving for home, when Mr. Hanson hallooed, I stopped, and Mr. Rawlings introduced him to me. He asked me what was the public feeling towards him? I replied that I would speak frankly with him, that I was, as he well knew, opposed to his political principles, and could not stand by him in any way, but that my personal feelings were kind toward him. I had not talked with the committee, but I had spoken to some in their confidence, and that the feeling of bitterness against him was greater than ever on account of his return, I was told; and I hoped that he would leave the State for his own safety, as well as to avoid the possible fight between my friends and the committee, because of his presence. He remarked that he had found no fault with me; that every one must stand on his own convictions, and that "every dog has his day."

Taking leave of him, I went to Kingston, where I stayed all night with Whitt Moody. While there, Messrs. Boadons and Newland came to see me, when I expressed the same views. I sent for Geo. W. Maupin, an old hunting companion, to spend the night with us, and to have a friendly talk about the whole matter, as I knew he was one of the committee, and had acted the part of a peacemaker when Tony was attacked in the raid to Berea, as I was told. I then explained to Mr. Maupin, in the presence of Mr. S. Newland and Whitt Moody, my whole position, as he had not read my Frankfort speech. I told him that he was one of a Revolutionary Committee; that I should not interfere with their action if they confined themselves to the expulsion of the "Radicals"; but that if the committee attacked the Republicans on account of principles, we would defend ourselves to the last; and that in such a defence I would shoot him, Reuben Munday, Terrill, or any other one of the committee who aided and abetted any assassination of any one of my party; that I was for peace; that I told our friends at Berea that whoever stood in defence of Hanson would do so at his own risk, and we would not stand by him; but that if they cleared themselves of Hanson, and were attacked in their own right, that we would make a common cause, we would take to the woods, and defend ourselves to the death.

This, men of Madison, is my whole connection with the Radicals at Berea; all the time against their doctrines; all the time for the peace and the safety of the community.

On Monday night I staid with my sister Smith. On Tuesday, hearing that the excitement was mostly against me, and that I was thought to have dictated the letter of Hanson to Judge Field with a view to bring about a war, I made my remarks at the Court-house to clear the popular mind of all misapprehensions. The falsehood of the whole allegation is apparent, when you will see by the letter to Judge Field that it is dated on the 13th inst.—two weeks ago—when I had neither seen nor known Hanson, nor been at Berea since my Northern tour, and therefore could not possibly have had any intercourse with him whatever. Now, it turns out just as I expected, from what Mr. Newton said in Richmond last Wednesday, in the presence of G. W. Maupin and others—that the Republicans had nothing to do with Hanson—were for peace—and fought in their own defence. The Republicans of Berea say that their houses were rudely searched (which was admitted to me by one of the party), and I give you here a copy of a letter written to me by Messrs. Haley & Bland, stating the whole cause of the difficulty, which original letter, signed by Haley & Bland, by H. Rawlings, can be seen by calling upon me:

"BEREA, IN THE EVENING, March 30, 1860—*My Friend Mr. C. M. Clay:* I drop a few lines to you concerning the fight. In the first place, it was not brought about over Hanson, but over the treatment to George West. The committee went to his house on the hunt of Hanson. West was in the last stages of consumption, and told his daughter to shut the door; and they broke the door down, and they cuffed and abused West and his daughter; and we went to see West with no view of seeing any of them. We met them, and I begged forbearance, and did all I could to obtain it. I intended to take your advice, and do so. FRANK BLAND,
GREEN HALEY."

Here, men of Madison, are some of the facts, but not all the facts; the language to the daughter of West was too gross for the public eye, and I therefore suppress it; nor were these the only outrages. A similar offence to the children of the poor brought on a revolution in that kingdom from which we draw our blood and our love of liberty. The story will sink deep into the hearts of thirty millions of Americans. The battle of the 29th day of March will never be forgotten in the annals of this nation!

You may drive these men into the mountains; you may burn their houses; you may hunt them down like wild beasts, till the last one falls by superior force; but their cause is the cause of American liberty, and of the noblest instincts of human nature. Their martyrdom will light up the fires of civil war, which will pervade the Union, and be extinguished only by the downfall of one or the other of those great powers, Liberty and Slavery, forever! Men of Madison, *I stand by those men;* I stand by the Constitution and laws of my native State; I stand by the Republican party everywhere; I stand by the liberties which I inherited from our fathers, and which my own blood has, from the beginning of the Revolution of 1776 to this hour, in every battle-field, been ready to defend. I stand, in a word, on my Frankfort speech of Jan 10, 1860, which I desire to place before the world as the ground of my faith and of my action. *I shall in no way whatever recognize or submit to any Revolutionary Committee.* At my country's call I have freely risked my life in her defence; two years in exile from my home and family; nine months in a foreign prison; ready at all times to sacrifice money, health and even life itself, I have brought back an unsullied name to the place of my birth, which you were not the last to welcome as part of the common glory of our State. You may be strong enough to overpower me; you cannot drive me from the duty which I owe to myself, to my friends and to my country. If I fall, I trust I shall not fall in vain, and it will be enough for all my long cherished aspirations if, perchance, my blood shall atone for the wrongs of my race, and *these States shall at last be free!*

White Hall, Ky., Saturday, March 31, 1860. C. M. CLAY.

THE SENATORIAL INQUISITION.

SEIZURE OF A WITNESS—HIS RELEASE BY HABEAS CORPUS.

VIOLENCE OF THE U. S. OFFICIALS—EXCITEMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

From The Boston Atlas and Bee, April 4.

THE usually quiet village of Concord, in Middlesex Co., was thrown into something like an intense excitement, Wednesday night, by an attempt—lame, illegal and futile, as will appear further on—of parties acting in behalf of the United States authorities, to arrest a well-known citizen of that town, Mr. F. B. Sanborn. Mr. Sanborn, it is well known, is something of an independent man, and has a way of talking plainly about men and things, whether in high places or low. He says, apparently, what he pleases, of whom he pleases, and as he pleases; and, in our opinion, is to be commended for it.

But Mr. Sanborn has for a long time been suspected of having had a hand, but no one could tell how, where or when, in the famous Harper's Ferry raid. He has, therefore, been an especial object of interest of that wonderful body, the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee of the United States Senate. They have, with as much ceremony, not to say politeness, sent for him many times to visit the Capitol, for the purpose of giving the committee, what they evidently are very much in need of—a little light. He has no desire to see either the great men or the great sights at Washington; and so he has kept on his quiet way, pursuing his avocation as a teacher.

But in time the Committee were impatient, and finally, it is to be inferred, out of humor. Accordingly, they had what were supposed to be the necessary papers made out which should *compel* him to attend. These were forwarded to the United States Marshal of this District, who took them in charge, and put them partially into execution. It is here that our narrative proper commences.

THE U. S. AUTHORITIES GO UP TO CONCORD.

People, men of every sort, and particularly the more savage, generally take the night in which to perform their evil deeds. To such, night is as great a "blessing" as ever sleep was to Sancho Panza. Accordingly, those who had been looking, Wednesday evening, might have seen a carriage with two horses leaving Boston, containing U. S. Marshal Freeman and three of his minions, *en route* for that most patriotic and famous town of Concord, the scene of gallant and memorable Revolutionary struggles. In time the vehicle, with its freight of men and manacles, arrives. The postmaster and one or two other craven beings were consulted, and plans were consummated for the arrest of Mr. Sanborn, for the purpose of hustling him on to Washington. But the best—no less than the worst—of projects sometimes fail. We shall see in time how this turned out.

STATEMENT OF MR. SANBORN.

Two messengers were sent from Concord at midnight to the office of *The Atlas and Daily Bee*, with the following from Mr. Sanborn. Unfortunately, however, they arrived too late, our paper having gone to press.

CONCORD, MASS., April 3, 1860,
11 1-2 o'clock at night.

I have to inform you that a cowardly assault was committed on me this evening at about 9 1-4 o'clock, *in my own house*, by four or five persons claiming to have authority to arrest me. The facts are these:

I came in from a call about 9 o'clock, and was sitting in my slippers, at my desk, when a knocking called me to the door. I went down stairs, opened the door, when a small man entered and said, "Does Mr. Sanborn live here?" "That is my name, sir," said I, putting out my hand to welcome him. "Here is a paper for you," said he, handing me a folded one, which I took.

At that moment a gray-haired, tall and stout man entered the open door and said, "I arrest you, Mr. Sanborn." "By what authority," said I, "and what is your name?" He gave no name, but said, "I am from the United States Marshal's office," or something of that sort. "What is your authority—your warrant?" repeated I. "We have a warrant," said some one, for by this time two more men appeared. "Show it—read it," said I. A small man, calling himself Freeman (afterwards), for none would give their names, began to read a paper, but had got only through a few lines, when the gray-haired ruffian took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and proceeded to put them on my wrists, I standing in my own house, without a hat or boots, only in slippers of cloth.

A whistle was given; some men rushed in, none of them known to me, and carried me by force to the street, where stood a carriage with two horses. They lifted me from the ground, and tried to put me in the carriage. I resisted with my feet, for my hands were fast in the manacles. They tried two or three times without success, breaking the carriage, but the horses started, and they could not get me in. In the meantime, my cries and those of my sister had called my neighbors from their homes, who surrounded the ruffians and prevented them from carrying me off.

I stood in the street in my slippers half an hour, wearing the handcuffs, until Deputy-Sheriff Moore took me by force from the ruffians' hands, under a writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Hoar. Their names, given after a long time, and reluctantly, were Silas Carlton, ——— Coolidge, ——— Tarleton and ——— Freeman. There were two or three others, whose names I have not learned.

Fifteen minutes after I was handcuffed, standing in the street, Freeman read me a warrant, signed by Vice-President Breckinridge, for my arrest, with an endorsement from McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate, authorizing Silas Carlton to seize me. How he did it I have said. People of Massachusetts, act as it seems to you best in this case! F. B. SANBORN.

Subsequently Mr. Sanborn sent a second letter, as follows:

CONCORD, April 4, 1860.

I sent you last night a brief account of my seizure by a band of ruffians claiming some authority from the United States Senate, a body which has no power to make arrests and handcuff free citizens in Massachusetts. To-day I wish to add some particulars, as well as I could note and remember them in the hurry and confusion of the whole matter.

Earlier in the evening one of these men had visited my house, and, finding the door unlocked, had gone in, and, being met by the servant, told her that he had an important paper for me, and, as she understood him, it was something about a situation. I was out at the time, and was told of it when I returned. How long the ruffians had been lurking about town I do not know, but am informed they had been here some hours, probably watching my footsteps, in which honorable employment they were aided, as I am told and believe, by *Joseph Holbrook*, sometimes called *Colonel Holbrook*, an officer in the Boston Custom-house, residing here, and *Charles B. Davis*, Postmaster of this town. These neighbors of mine, with one of whom I formerly boarded, have, as I believe, assisted in committing this outrage. Some weeks ago, the person calling himself Carlton was here as a spy, and made his headquarters at the post-office.

I at first offered no resistance, but when the handcuffs were put on I refused to go, not having heard any warrant, or seen any signatures, or been told the names of the officers, or the nature of my offence, so far as I can recollect. When they dragged me into the open air, without allowing me to put on my boots, overcoat or hat, I cried *Murder* and resisted with my feet, as well as I could with four stout men holding me. They dragged me to the carriage, which had been brought up by a fifth or sixth confederate, and attempted to put me in. I broke the side of the carriage with my feet, and, my sister seizing one of the ruffians, they dropped me on my feet again. Again they tried to put me in, but my sister whipped the horses, which started and foiled them again. They were still struggling with me and her—five men against a man and a woman—when the neighbors came running to my aid. The ruffians still attempted to kidnap me, but they soon found they were overpowered. Then, and not till then, did they read their warrant, in the street, by the light of a lantern, while I stood handcuffed and half-clothed, in their hands. This must have been fifteen minutes after my first seizure. F. B. SANBORN.

EXCITEMENT IN THE TOWN—INCIDENTS, &C.

All this sort of unusual thing did not occur, as may naturally be supposed, without much excitement; in fact a wide commotion.

The nature of the project and the men engaged in it are somewhat indicated by the time and means to carry it into execution. They had prepared themselves with a decoy letter, for, when Mr. Sanborn came to the door in answer to the bell, the man asked him his name and immediately handed him the following document. Outside of the envelope it was addressed: "To F. B. Sanborn, Esq., present." Its contents were as follows:

"SIR: The bearer is a worthy young man, solicits your aid in procuring employment.
"Help him if you can. BUFFUM.
"SAUGUS, April 1, 1860."

Having fully ascertained the identity of their man, the officer called forward his assistants, and, finding that Mr. S. questioned his authority, and wished to consult his neighbors, produced a pair of handcuffs and locked them upon his wrists. By that time the neighbors were aroused and commenced to assemble about the carriage to which the officers were conducting their prisoners.

From various sources we gather the following: About 9 o'clock a man named Freeman went to Sanborn's door, and rang the bell. Freeman asked if Sanborn was in, and, on being told that he was, said he had a letter for him and wanted to see him. His sister turned to go in to speak to her brother, and as she went she heard a low whistle. On returning again she saw two or three men in the entry way, who immediately seized Mr. Sanborn and attempted to carry him from the house. His sister resisted to the extent of her power, and Mr. Sanborn used all his power to endeavor to escape from the hands of the officers, who by this time had got the handcuffs upon their prisoner. When they got him to the door, the sister stopped her resistance, and screamed at the top of her voice and alarmed the neighbors, a score of whom were soon on the spot. By the time they got there Sanborn had been dragged into the middle of the street, without his hat and in his stocking feet. Sanborn at this point held up his manacled hands over his head, and, shaking them, said, "Citizens, look and see what the United States Senate have done for me." His remark made a great sensation among the crowd, and matters began to look equally for the U. S. officers. In the meantime a messenger was despatched to ring the bells, and they were rung in the most lively manner. This unusual performance soon called together a large crowd.

Mr. Sanborn's sister, seeing the crowd surrounding the officers and her brother, and that she could do no more service there, seized the whip from the carriage and began belaboring the horses in good earnest, but one of the men took the whip from her. She then jumped into the carriage to prevent her brother being put into it, but she was taken out with more force than politeness, having her clothes torn in the struggle. The boys in Mr. Sanborn's school, seeing the peril in which their beloved mentor was placed, acted as scouts, and ran hastily from house to house, ringing door bells and arousing citizens. Men rushed to the scene with clenched fists, some of which contained effective weapons. Miss Sanborn seized an officer by his beard and compelled him to relinquish his hold of Mr. Sanborn. Miss Ann Whiting, daughter of Col. Whiting, approached officer Tarlton, raised his hat, and, looking him steadily in the face, said, "Let me see what kind of a looking man you are. You may come here again some day, and I shall want to know you!" Mr. George L. Prescott seized the arm of an officer, beneath the coat sleeve of which a "billy" was concealed, and held on to it until Mr. Sanborn was released.

While the writ of habeas corpus was being prepared, the crowd stood round the officers and gave vent to their feelings in hisses, groans, &c., calls more emphatic than complimentary, such as "these are the men who struck down Charles Sumner," &

tor, witnesses were thus summoned from many different States; also, in the case of Nugent, a New York reporter, who was arraigned for contempt; and more recently in the investigation concerning the well-known case of Lawrence, Stone & Co. All this process was executed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, properly in the official discharge of his duty. This Court had recognized the same power of the Massachusetts Legislature in Burnham's case. There was also a legal precedent establishing the power of the Sergeant-at-Arms, in the case where Sergeant Dunn was prosecuted for arresting one Anderson for contempt, who, some years ago, approached Hon. Lewis Williams, a Congressman, for purposes of bribery.

[Mr. Woodbury here read that opinion, which, in speaking of implied powers, says there is not a grant of power that does not draw after it others not expressed, but vital to its exercise, though subordinate; and asserts that any argument to the contrary and against the action taken leads to the total abrogation of the power of Congress to maintain its dignity, and secure itself from rudeness, contempt or conspiracy, or protect the sanctity of the law-making power; and urging that the limits of its powers in that kind are not restricted to the District of Columbia any more than its legislative powers.

Mr. Andrew also read the law of Jan. 24, 1857, in which, speaking of the powers of the House and its committees, says that a witness who "shall wilfully make default or refuse to answer shall, in addition to the pains and penalties *already*" in force, be liable to a fine of between $100 and $1,000, or imprisonment from one to twelve months.]

Mr. Woodbury then proceeded to discuss the question of the power of Carlton under his authority from McNair. When a person was found exercising the power of an official, his right to exercise that duty was presumed until some substantial evidence to the country.

Judge Hoar thought the case was different where there was no such office as that, the powers of which were supposed to be exercised. It was a question whether there was any such office as that of deputy of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Woodbury replied that the respondent exhibited the signature of the President of the Senate, and the seal thereof, and the signature of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and he did not apprehend that the question could go further without evidence.

Chief-Justice Shaw called the Attorney's attention to the fact that the Senate had authorized its officer to make an arrest, not granting power to deputize anybody else to do it.

Mr. Woodbury replied that the practice had been as in the present case. Usually, when warrants were issued, many were sent out at the same time; and if one man alone should serve them, they could scarcely be served at all.

Mr. Andrew said he should not follow the Attorney through his whole argument. He submitted that Mr. Carlton derived no power to serve the warrant from the endorsement of Dunning R. McNair. For the purpose of this preliminary inquiry, he was willing to assume the legality of the power of the Senate. The statutes only speak of the Sergeant-at-Arms as an officer existing under the Rules of Congress, and whatever power that officer might have within the District of Columbia, there was no grant of power to execute warrants out of that bailiwick. Suppose that McNair has come here to make this arrest. He can show no statute; he can plead no custom. The warrant authorizes the arrest of F. B Sanborn wherever he may be found, not limited even to the United States. It must be construed according to right reason. He cited 14 Howell, 157, to show that neither branch of Parliament alone had now power to restrain any person of his liberty. This case, though once overruled, had since been affirmed. The Court here could not take judicial knowledge of an officer not acting under a statute. Passing then to the question of the power of Carlton, he said it would be found that he made his return simply as Silas Carlton, without any official title. If such powers could be granted to persons giving no bonds and taking no oaths, it might lead to an extraordinary state of things.

At the close of these remarks, Mr. Andrew said that if these objections were not sustained, he desired to present other questions, after reasonable time to make preparation.

Mr. Woodbury said if the Court desired it, he would endeavor to examine the Senate journals, to ascertain the precise manner in which that body had acted.

Mr. Andrew read from Jefferson's Manual respecting the Sergeant-at-Arms, but that gave no light upon the question of the powers conferred upon that officer.

Mr. Woodbury again called attention to the case of Anderson, which he had before cited. It appeared that the arrest in that case was made within the District of Columbia.

The Court here took a recess until half-past three o'clock.

OPINION OF CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW.

The Court came in at half-past three o'clock, and Chief-Justice Shaw delivered the following opinion:

SHAW, C. J.—This arrest was made by Silas Carlton, a citizen and inhabitant of Massachusetts; and, by his answer under oath, he shows a warrant to D. R. McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of the United States, and says that the Sergeant-at-Arms entered an order upon it, delegating the power to Carlton to make the arrest. There is therefore no conflict in the case between the authority of an executive officer of the United States and an officer of this Commonwealth. It appears by the answer of the officer, which stands as part of the return to the writ of *habeas corpus*, that Carlton claims to have arrested Sanborn, under a warrant purporting to have been issued under the hand and seal of the Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate. It recites the appointment of a committee of the Senate to inquire into the circumstances of the attack made by a body of men upon the arsenal of the United States at Harper's Ferry, the citation of Sanborn to answer as a witness before such committee; that he refused to attend according to such summons; that he was thereby guilty of a contempt; and directing D. R. McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, to arrest the said Sanborn, wherever he could find him, and bring him before the Senate to answer for such contempt. This warrant seems to have been issued on the 16th of February last. There is an endorsement of the same date, by the Sergeant-at-Arms, authorizing and empowering the said Carlton, the respondent, to make such arrest; and the respondent justifying the arrest made on the 3d April instant under that process, the question is whether this arrest is justified by this return. This question is a very broad and a very important one, and opens many interesting questions as to the functions and powers of the United States Senate, as a constituent part of the legislative department of the United States government and the modes in which they are to be exercised, and the limits by which they are qualified. It is admitted in the arguments that there is no express provision in the Constitution of the United States giving this authority in terms; but it is maintained that it is necessarily incidental to various authorities vested in the Senate of the United States, in its legislative, executive and judicial functions, and must therefore be held to be conferred by necessary implication. These questions manifestly requiring great deliberation and research, in order to come to a satisfactory conclusion, and some preliminary questions having been suggested by the petitioner's counsel, it was proposed and not objected to by the learned District Attorney and assistant District Attorney of the United States, by whom the Court were attended in behalf of the respondent, to consider these preliminary questions first; because, if the objections on the face of them were sustained, it would supersede the necessity of discussing the other questions arising in the case. These points have been argued. For obvious reasons, we lay out of this inquiry the case of the Senate when acting in judicial capacity, on the trial of an impeachment laid before it by the House of Representatives; and we suppose the same considerations would apply to the case of the House of Representatives in summoning witnesses to testify before them, as the Grand Inquest of the United States, with a view to an impeachment. Then the objections taken to this warrant, on the face of it, as rendering it insufficient to justify the arrest of the petitioner, are three:

1. That the Sergeant-at-Arms, in his capacity as an officer of the Senate, had no authority to execute process out of the limits of the District of Columbia, over which the United States have, by the Constitution, exclusive general jurisdiction.

2. That a Sergeant at-Arms is not an officer known to the Constitution or laws of the United States, as a general executive, of known powers, like a Sheriff or Marshal; that he is appointed and recognized by the rules of the Senate as an officer exercising powers regulated by the rules and orders of the Senate, and can only exercise such powers as are conferred on him by such general rules and orders made with a view to the regular proceedings of the Senate; or such as may be conferred by the Senate by special resolves and acts, as a single department of the government, without the concurrence of the other members of the government.

3. That by the warrant returned the power to arrest the respondent was in terms limited to McNair, the Sergeant-at-Arms, and could not be executed by a deputy.

In regard to the first, it seems to us that the objection opens a broader ground than it is necessary to occupy in deciding this preliminary question. We are not prepared to say that in no case can the Senate direct process to be served beyond the limits of the District by an authority expressly given for that purpose. The case of Anderson vs. Dunn, 6 Wheaton, 204, cited in the argument, has little application to this question. It is manifest that that was a writ of error from the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, and it appears that the alleged contempt of Anderson in offering a bribe to a member of the House of Representatives was committed in the District of Columbia, the act complained of as the trespass was done therein, and the process in question was served by the Sergeant-at-Arms in person, under an express authority given by the House of Representatives, by their resolve for that purpose, in pursuance of which the Speaker's warrant was issued. The second question appears to us far more material. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate is an officer of that House, like their Doorkeeper, appointed by them, and required by their rules and orders to exercise certain powers, mainly with a view to order and due course of proceedings. He is not a general officer known to the law, as a sheriff, having power to appoint general deputies, or to act by general deputation in particular cases; nor like a marshal, who holds analogous powers, and possesses similar functions, under the laws of the United States, with those of sheriffs and deputies under the State laws. But even when it appears, by the terms of the reasonable construction of a statute conferring an authority on a sheriff, that it was intended he should execute it personally, he cannot exercise it by general deputy, and of course cannot do it by special deputation (Wood vs. Ross, 11 Mass., 271). But, upon the third point, the Court are all of opinion that the warrant affords no justification. Suppose that the Senate had authority, by the resolves passed by them, to cause the petitioner to be arrested and brought before them, it appears by the warrant issued for that purpose that the power was given alone to McNair, Sergeant-at-Arms, and there is nothing to indicate any intention on their part to have such arrest made by any other person. There is no authority, in fact, given by this warrant to delegate the authority to any other person. It is a general rule of the common law, not founded on any judicial decision or statute provision, but so universally received as to have grown into a maxim, that a delegated authority to one does not authorize him to delegate it to another. "*Delegata potestas non potest delegari*" (Broom's Law Maxims, second edition, 665). This grows out of the nature of the subject. A special authority is in the nature of a trust. It implies confidence in the ability, skill or discretion of the party entrusted. The author of such a power may extend it if he will, as is done in ordinary powers of attorney, giving power to one, or his substitute or substitutes, to do the acts authorized. But when it is not so extended, it is limited to the person named. The counsel for the respondent asked what authority there is for limiting such warrant to the person named; it rather belongs to those who wish to justify under such delegated power to show judicial authority for the extension. On the special ground that this respondent had no legal authority to detain the petitioner in his custody, the order of the Court is that the said Sanborn be discharged from the custody of the said Carlton.

SCENES OUTSIDE THE COURT.

The friends of Mr. Sanborn in considerable numbers were in waiting outside the Court house, and were of course ready to give him a reception. He made his exit from one of the doors on the west side, which he had no sooner done than he was greeted with prolonged and enthusiastic cheers. "Three cheers for Sanborn" were called for and given with an unction. "Three cheers for the irrepressible conflict" were also called for, and resounded heartily through the streets. Repeated cheers were given, and the utmost feeling of satisfaction prevailed. Mr. Sanborn, as soon as he could make his way through the friendly crowd that thronged about him, took a carriage and was driven off, amid continued shouts of the people.

So ended this exciting affair. We hardly think a second effort of a similar nature will be attempted. It will be futile. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has set its firm authority against it; and behind that, and still more powerful, is the public sentiment of the State, which is equally just, sensible and patriotic.

MR. SANBORN'S WELCOME HOME.

Correspondence of The Boston Courier.

CONCORD, April 5, 1860.

After the trying scenes and hair-breadth escapes through which Mr. F. B. Sanborn passed on Tuesday evening and the day following, the appreciation of his fellow-citizens, as manifested at the meeting in this town on Wednesday evening, must have been to him peculiarly affecting.

This meeting was called to order by Mr. Bowers, and Dr. Josiah Bartlett was chosen to preside. Mr. Sanborn was introduced with his manacles and received immense applause. He said that he had learned from this event increasing hatred to slavery, under whatever guise it appeared or whoever supported it. Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Messrs. Thoreau, A. G. Fay, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Warren, E. W. Bull, and Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, addressed the meeting at considerable length. The last-named speaker suggested the necessity of some organization to guard against future outrages of this sort. The suggestion was adopted by the meeting, and a committee of seven was appointed to make arrangements for an organization after the style of the old Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. Mr. Sanborn stated at the conclusion of the meeting that he was prepared to resist the government to the last.

The following resolutions were presented and adopted unanimously by the meeting:

Resolved, That the fame o' old Concord for its spirit of noble daring on the nineteenth of April, 1775, is glorious, and only equalled by the chivalrous rescue of one of our most honored citizens from a band of kidnappers, who had forcibly seized and manacled him, and were hurrying him away from his home and friends, on the third of April, 1860.

Resolved, That the doctrine of the Revolution, that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," is our doctrine, and that we proclaim our unswerving determination to resist all attempts to abridge the rights of any citizen to all privileges and guarantees of constitutional liberty.

Resolved, That the attempt of United States officers, by false pretences, and under cover of darkness, to rob a man of his freedom, is base, mean and cowardly.

The meeting then adjourned.

FURTHER STATEMENTS BY MR. SANBORN.

[Mr. Sanborn has communicated a more detailed account of the affair to *The Tribune*, in which he says:]

My impression is that a conspiracy was formed in the Marshal's office at Boston, to which my kidnappers and some others were partners, and that the motives for my seizure were two-fold—a wish to serve the despotism of the Slave Power and to divide among a half-dozen confederates the fees for my arrest and transportation to Washington. My reasons for this belief are these: The warrant in the ruffians' hands bears date the 16th of February; ever since which time Holbrook and two or three other men of his kidney, living here, have intimated that I was to be seized by some persons in Boston, to whom I have reason to believe Holbrook communicated all he knew of my habits and mode of life, which he might easily do, being a near neighbor, and passing my house every day on his way to the cars, which take him to his custom-house duties in Boston. On Friday, the 16th of March, the fellow Carlton was hanging about the Post-Office, and viewing my house and premises, though then his name was unknown to me or my neighbors, and, as he asserts, to the postmaster. On another day, as I believe, the same fellow was seen by myself, walking past my house and eyeing me and the premises, though at that time I had no knowledge of his name or business.

On the night of the kidnapping, there is good evidence to show that some of the ruffians were concealed in an old barn near my house, and that Holbrook was there with them. I cannot vouch for this, and should be sorry to do injustice to any man; but my fixed belief is that this last statement is true. All these facts go to show a conspiracy to seize me at a favorable time, which they supposed they had chosen. The fees for my arrest, if delivered in Washington, I am told would have been $400 or $500, and perhaps much more; a sufficient inducement to most of my kidnappers, who were mostly bailiffs and discharged policemen, so far as I can learn.

They prowled about my house for more than an hour, while I was making calls about the village, and, as I am informed, had their carriage stationed in a place where it would not excite attention.

ANOTHER HELPER SENSATION.—*The New York Herald* will not allow the South a moment's peace. The row about Helper's book, which it first brought to notice, is hardly over, before it comes out with a fresh discovery of Black Republican incendiarism. In its Saturday's issue it reproduces the substance of a pamphlet by Lysander Spooner, published in Boston in 1845, entitled "The Unconstitutionality of Slavery," and declared to be an able work in 1855 by Mr. Seward. This is sufficient for *The Herald*, and it blazes away in a series of startling headings, in ominous looking type, as follows:

The great national crisis.
The red platform of 1860 of the Republican party.
Handbook of the higher law.
Slavery abolished by the Constitution.
The writ of habeas corpus to free the slaves.
The duty of Congress.
The courts throughout the South to be surrounded and sustained by military force.
The slaves to be armed and organized as militia.
The "irrepressible conflict" pure and simple.
Negroes constitutionally eligible to the presidency.
Where the Republican stump orators got their inspiration.
Wholesale endorsement of this platform by the Republican leaders.
The result.
The success of the Republican party in 1860, the inauguration of a second St. Domingo.
Read and ponder, &c., &c., &c.

The Herald has also a blood and thunder leader on the subject, with the caption "The Original Bloody Programme of Seward and the Black Republican party." Now let the fire-eaters in Congress take up *The Herald's* clue again, and treat the country to a series of disunion speeches, and the Union-savers get up another general howl. There is chance for lots of fun yet before the Union tumbles down over our devoted heads.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE N. Y. HERALD AND THE ANGLO-AFRICAN.—*The N. Y. Weekly Anglo-African* of to-day's date contains the following:

"In an article in *The Herald* of April 1, entitled 'The Negro in Town,' that paper takes occasion to poke fun at the comparatively stringent pecuniary circumstances of our humble issues, monthly and weekly. A friend, on reading this fling, bids us not to be discouraged. He assures us that one of the largest newspapers in the city was

'Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred';

that said paper, twenty years ago, emerged daily from a cellar down town, about half the size of *The Weekly Anglo-African*; and one day the editor made a most piteous appeal to some one to lend him $300 to save his paper from ruin. This friend—a colored mechanic at that time, a retired gentleman now—had made up his mind to go and lend the editor in question $300, when, on opening the paper next day, he found a violent article against the negroes. This shut up that gentleman's pocket, but he understood that a colored brother (our namesake, but no relation) *did* lend the editor of that sheet the $300, and thus saved *The N. Y. Herald* from an early death. So *The N. Y. Herald* at this moment actually owes its existence to a timely loan from a negro capitalist! Both *The Herald* and the capitalist '*still live*,' and the capitalist is said, on many subsequent occasions, to have contributed to the success and notoriety of *The Herald* and its proprietor, in every way in which both are or have been notorious."

We learn that M. Gurowski, a well known philosopher and writer, is diligently studying the past history of slavery, with the intention of showing that the system and its results in all ages are the same. It destroyed, he avers, all the ancient empires and republics, domestic slavery almost universally generating political slavery, or what is called Oriental despotism. The disease in our own slave States is passing through the same developments that it did in ancient times, and is already far advanced in its second stage.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the City of New York, at the Cooper Institute, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 8th and 9th, commencing each day at 10 o'clock a. m.

Independent of all religious and political organizations, and dealing impartially with them all, this Society continues to pursue its grand distinctive object, THE IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL ABOLITION OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, without regard to geographical boundaries, by moral instrumentalities alone—animated by a spirit which seeks the safety, happiness and prosperity of every section of our widely-extended country, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South," as such. Its "treason" is embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and its "fanaticism" in the Golden Rule. Declaring that man cannot be the property of man, it measures men, parties and institutions by this simple and unerring test, and will not yield to any compromise, or consent to any postponement of the claims of justice and humanity.

We trust it is needless to remind the members and friends of the Society that never were greater vigilance and activity demanded on their part than at the present time. The nation is just entering into another Presidential election, which will probably be unparalleled on the score of popular excitement, and which will present a powerful temptation to many to swerve from the strict line of rectitude, by lowering the Anti-Slavery standard for the sake of party success. "Let the dead bury their dead." Let us eschew all compromise and compromisers, and be faithful to our rallying-cry, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

There will be no lack of able and experienced speakers at the Anniversary. [Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.
C. C. BURLEIGH, }

POLITICAL NECROMANCY.

THERE certainly must be a moral as well as a meteorological affinity between witches and weather. Indeed, there always was. It was not in clear calm nights, still less in bright summer days, that the hearts of our ancestors failed them for fear of the cantrips of those ill-favored sweethearts of Satan. It was when the night had gathered in, and the clouds lowered, and the thunder began to growl in the distance, that all their faith in the antediluvian horseshoe was summoned to sustain their drooping souls. It was nocturnal terrors and tempestuous mischiefs that set the witch-hunters a-foot, and stirred up the righteous soul of Cotton Mather to suffer no witch to live, and made Sir Matthew Hale and Chief-Justice Sewall swift instruments of their extirpation. When the wintry winds were howling round the eaves of solitary farm-houses, the trembling inmates, cowering over the brands, whispered to one another that the witches were abroad. And when the kine sickened in the stall, and the flocks rotted in the fold, they knew for a surety that the witches had been there.

The ignorant present thinks to show itself to be wiser than the former time by affecting to believe that the incantations of witchcraft are numbered among the lumber of the past. But the patient watcher of the signs of the times, as they show themselves upon the face of the political horizon, knows that these instruments of ill are not vain and fabulous, however shallow ignorance may esteem it. It is very true that Satan is not only wiser than of yore, in the particular that

"He tempts by making rich, not making poor,"

but he also no longer dresses his agents in rags and poverty, but disguises them in fair broadcloth, with Genin's or Leary's hats upon their heads instead of steeple-crowns, and gold-headed canes in their hands in the place of broomsticks. Notwithstanding these vestiary variations, their whole demeanor and proceedings show that the Enemy of Mankind hath not yet abated his most inexplicable *penchant* for the weak things of the earth; for, let them disguise themselves as they will when they are about their work of mischief, nothing can be more clear than that they are No Conjurors.

They come out without fail, just as the quadrennial hurricane begins to gather, to see how far they can direct it to mischief, or at least hinder it of what wholesome efficacy it may be of for ventilating the political atmosphere. Four years ago their malefic arts did succeed in conjuring up a grisly phantom which they flatter themselves did scare timid voters enough to do a mischief to the party accused of Anti-Slavery proclivities. They claimed to have defeated Colonel Fremont by its means; because, if all that followed after it had gone after him, they would have borne him triumphantly into the White House. But inasmuch as all their antecedents and consequents show that had not this device been found out for their escape, they would have flocked in a body to the Democratic camp, this ground of exultation seems a little shaky under their feet. The votes for Mr. Fillmore in 1856 did, undoubtedly, include a few hundreds that would have been cast for Colonel Fremont had there been no such city of refuge provided for them; but the thousands and tens of thousands were just so many deducted from Mr. Buchanan's sum total. Still, in the uncertainty which hung over that contest, the Democrats consented to regard the movement as one auxiliary to their own.

But four years have passed away, and the relations of parties are now better understood. The Democrats now see no ally in the necromantic anility of the North, that is trying anew to call up the spectre of the Dissolution of the Union, dreadful as the Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, in the terrible tragedy of Tom Thumb the Great, to marshal them again in the way they would go. So fixed and settled have become the souls of voting men on the one side and the other that the Democratic leaders see that the whole effect of such an evocation will be to hinder the men following its lead from riding in their own troop. The *animus* that inspires the weird stirrers of the cauldron newly called over the coals is, undoubtedly, a wish to hinder the success of the Republican candidate. And this not for the vices, but for the virtues of that party. This they know can only be done by virtually promoting the election of a Democratic candidate. It is "*miching malicho*, and means mischief." But the unerring instinct of office-holding Democrats tells them that the mischief is likely to be done on the wrong side. Hence the declamations against it from that quarter. The expectation of positive success was expressly disavowed by the chief speakers at the meeting week before last in Boston; so that the effect of the diversion can only be to help one or the other of the great parties. And it needs no ghost to come from the grave to tell us which of the two parties it would prefer to help.

We cannot tell, nor is it of any particular consequence, what shape the phantom to be called up to sight at Baltimore may take. It will stand for slavery, whether it assume the substantial form of Senator Crittenden, or clothe itself in the more shifting and shadowy essence of Mr. Everett. It is affirmed that the original scheme of the first promoters of the plan was to set up Mr. Bates, of Missouri, in advance of the Republican Convention at Chicago, and so compel his nomination by that body. But his letter of last month was too decided in its tone to suit their purposes, which by no means contemplated nominating a Republican, but compelling the Republicans to take up an old hardened Whig, dried into a political mummy, like themselves. Finding that Mr. Bates had too much life in him for their uses, it is most probable that they will try to play the same game with Judge McLean, of Ohio. As a man who has himself judicially sent fugitive slaves back to their chains, while he is a burning and shining light in the Methodist Episcopal Church, there certainly is no reason why the slaveholders should refuse to suffer him to be inaugurated, if he can compass an election. For all the purposes of slavery he certainly is as good as Douglas, and not much worse than Hunter.

It is no particular concern of ours whether the Republicans suffer themselves to be taken in a snare so openly set for their feet, or not. Only, we believe that if they do, their defeat is sure. No candidate can prevail against the mighty power of the Slaveocracy, as embodied in the Democracy, excepting one that arouses the enthusiasm of the Northern masses. Whether reasonably or not, is no matter. A wetter blanket than a nomination of Judge McLean could hardly be thrown upon the smoking flax of political Anti-Slavery. It needs all the care and skill that nature and art can furnish to keep it from dying out, as it is. To sweep over the continent with the fury necessary to success, it must be fanned and fed into the fiercest flame. And this is what the Republican leaders seem to fear to do, lest they should burn their fingers. The slaveholders are furnishing them with fuel, good store, if they will but set it ablaze.

The only concern the American Abolitionists have with any of the political parties of the country is to watch their relations with slavery, and show how they all either go to its help or are crippled by its power. Mr. George Hillard, in his speech at the Boston Convention, denied that the element of Union-saving entered into the composition of the new party. If this be so, whence derives it the double patronymic of "Constitutional Union," which distinguishes it from its neighbors? It is no wonder that a man of Mr. Hillard's capacity should flinch under the ridicule which necessarily attaches to the trade of Union-saving. He is evidently ashamed of the spectre he and his assistant adepts were engaged in evoking. Of course, intelligent men know that the alarm raised of danger to the Union, if the slaveholders be not allowed to have their own way in all things, is the most watery of moonshine. They see the farthing-candle inside of the pumpkin-head that gives terror to its grisly countenance. But it is a terrible mistake to turn it round to the gaze of those whom it was tricked out to frighten. This denial of the danger of the Union strikes us to be "flat burglary," as "disparagiog the Plot" was in the good old days of that good old conservative Titus Oates. It is breaking into the house of the life of the new party, and stealing that by which alone it can have a name to live. Mr. Hillard is a most dangerously candid counsellor. It is the truth, no doubt. But if the Union is in no danger from the success of the Republican candidate, why this waste of strength to defeat him? The Union being certainly safe in the hands of the Democrats, and not being in danger in that of the Republicans, wherein lies the necessity of this "Union Constitutional party"? It is not very obvious to common eyes.

Or, rather, it would not be so were it not for the solution which slavery affords to all our political enigmas. It is the infinitesimal infusion of Anti-Slavery which the Republican doctors are willing to administer to their patients that has created this new school of political practice. Small and almost microscopical as this element is made to appear to be, all the country knows that it is the life of its life. The South knows and the North that the Republican success would show an Anti-Slavery public opinion in the Free States, which cannot be forever limited to the needle's-point on which the masses are expected to dance, like the angels of the Schoolmen. It is its nature to expand or die, and die it cannot, because God has made men as they are. All the concessions and compromises of the platform-makers cannot hinder the slaveholding and pro-slavery instinct from feeling that a great matter may be kindled by even the little fire they are willing to permit to be seen. Hence this necromantic experiment of superannuated fogyism to raise again the weary ghost of the long defunct Danger to the Union, to appall the guilty and make mad the free. Mr. Hillard's too frank confession shows that it is all playing at being frightened, and hoping to excite a real panic in feebler folk. It would be simply ludicrous were it not a fresh symptom of how deeply the head of the nation is sick and the heart faint with the leprosy of slavery. It is, in truth, food for grief rather than laughter.

THE WAR AGAINST DR. CHEEVER.

OUR readers were informed a fortnight ago of the attempt on the part of Dr. Cheever's enemies to set aside the officially declared and recorded result of the late election of Trustees, and to foist into the Board two of their own tools, and thus secure a majority. The inspectors of the election, after declaring the three candidates voted for by Dr. Cheever's friends to be chosen, were induced by *ex parte* allegations, trumped up for the occasion (allegations that some of the voters on Dr. Cheever's side were not legally qualified), to refuse the usual certificate to two of the gentlemen thus elected, and to certify, in direct contradiction of the record, that two of Dr. Cheever's opponents were entitled to seats in the Board, and that there was one vacancy resulting from a tie in the votes cast for Dr. Hartt (friend of Dr. Cheever) and the third man on the anti-Cheever ticket. And the men referred to (Messrs. Harvey and Tompkins) were brazen enough to attempt to take the seats which the records of the Society declared to belong to others.

The time appointed for the first meeting of the new Board was Saturday evening last. About half an hour before the meeting, the two bogus Trustees were surprised by the service upon them of an injunction, issued by a competent Court and procured by Edward Gilbert, Esq., the attorney of Messrs. Hall and Hartt, forbidding them (the bogus Trustees, Harvey and Tompkins) from exercising the functions they had intended to usurp. The enemies of Dr. Cheever were confounded, or, as Choate would say, "flabbergastered." Mr. Abernethy, former President of the Board (an enemy of Dr. Cheever whose term has not yet expired), claimed the right to call the meeting to order. This right was disputed by Messrs. Berry, Hartt and others, on the ground that it was customary for the Clerk of the old Board to call the new one to order and preside until the election of President. Mr. Abernethy persisted in acting, and at length sent Mr. Tompkins for the police. Two officers came, but were informed by those friendly to Dr. Cheever that they were not wanted. At length Mr. Chester moved to adjourn. Mr. Abernethy put the vote amidst great confusion and opposition, and declared it carried; all the while vociferating to Messrs. Hartt, Whiting and Hall that he did not recognize them as members of the Board. Mr. Abernethy and his party then ran out, leaving Messrs. Fairbank, Berry, Hartt, Hall and Whiting, a *quorum*, in possession of the room, where they remained till about ten o'clock, electing the officers, appointing the committees, etc.

A suit was commenced by Mr. Gilbert in behalf of Messrs. Hartt, Hall and Whiting against Messrs. White and Smith, Inspectors, and Harvey and Tompkins, pretended Trustees, in connection with the injunction order, in which damages are laid at $5,000.

It is loudly professed by Mr. Abernethy and his party that they do not oppose Dr. Cheever on account of his anti-slavery. It is worthy of note here, as showing the hypocrisy of this pretence, that, a day or two previous to the Union Anti-Slavery Prayer Meeting, held at the Church of the Puritans on Monday evening last, Mr. Abernethy, as President of the Board of Trustees, notified the sexton that the church must not be opened for any but the regular Church meetings. As the anti-slavery prayer meeting is the only one that has been or is likely to be held out of the regular order, the prohibition was, of course, aimed at that. Mr. Fairbank, however, the President of the new Board, promptly countermanded the order, and directed the sexton to open the room for the anti-slavery prayer meeting. It may also be remarked, as a further confirmation, that the name of Mr. Allen, a member of the old Board, whose term of office expired this year, a friend of Mr. Abernethy and an opponent of Dr. Cheever, was on the notorious subscription-list got up by New York merchants to carry the Democratic ticket in the recent contest in Connecticut, with the others of his firm, for $300! These facts serve to show the *animus* of this conspiracy. Some of the charges made against Dr. Cheever by his enemies are the following, viz., that he is denunciatory; that he is hasty; that he does not properly attend to his pastoral duties; that he acted improperly in countenancing the petition for British aid; that he entertained and proclaimed wrong views of the character of John Brown; that he spoke on the same platform with Wendell Phillips; that he is at present so unpopular, from some cause or other, with the people of influence and standing in New York city, that it is useless to attempt to build up a Church with him as pastor. You may hear these reasons, one or the other of them, advanced by his enemies almost daily, who themselves insist that they would leave but for the confidence they have that they are in a majority of the Society, and that they will soon be able to dispose of Dr. Cheever, call the disaffected ones back and have a Church after their own heart.

The hearing on the injunction will take place on Monday. Dr. Cheever's friends have employed able counsel and confidently expect a decision in their favor.

MR. BEECHER REBUKING THE TRUSTEES OF HIS CHURCH.

OUR readers have been informed of the disgraceful fact that the Trustees of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, refused to open their house for the delivery of WENDELL PHILLIPS's "Plea for the Dissolution of the Union," and that, too, under circumstances exceedingly embarrassing to the applicants and that seemed likely to prevent Mr. Phillips from gaining a hearing in the city at all. The refusal excited both astonishment and indignation in the minds of not a few of Mr. Beecher's congregation, and, following as it did almost immediately after his attempt to bolster up the American Board of Missions, it was very naturally regarded by many as the fruit of his suddenly developed conservatism—the effect upon the pews of a change of tone and policy in the pulpit. Such indeed was our own conviction; and we believe now that the Trustees of Plymouth Church would never have shut their doors against Mr. Phillips if they had not believed that, in so doing, they would be acting in the spirit of Mr. Beecher's recent utterances upon the slavery question. But their inference, however natural and legitimate in view of what he had lately said and done, was still unjust to his *feelings* and *intentions*. If he took a backward step, he did not mean to lead his society into a position so inconsistent and disgraceful as that in which it was placed by the Trustees—a position which, while it disappointed and pained the friends of freedom, called forth shouts of exultation in the pro-slavery camp. In his sermon on Sunday evening last—the subject being COURAGE—Mr. Beecher took occasion to declare his views in very emphatic terms, as follows:

"When I was away from home, recently, I turned ruby red with shame to find in a newspaper what I supposed was an ignominious slander, but which proved to be an ignominious truth—namely, that this church had been refused to Wendell Phillips, for the delivery of his address on 'The Destruction of the Union.' If the church had not been accustomed to be let freely for concerts, and lectures, and the like, pending the construction of a new church, the case would have been different, and it might have been prudent not to let it on the occasion in question; but when it was in the market to be let to all respectable causes and persons, for one hundred dollars a night—which is the fee—to deny it to him because he was advocating an unpopular doctrine, and because it was feared that his using it would have an injurious effect on the raising of money for the new church, was shameful in the extreme. When I read it, I colored till I felt my blushes in my boots! I was ashamed through and through! I said to myself, 'Thirteen years of ministration among a people, resulting, in the thirteenth year, only in a cowardice that makes them afraid to let a man stand in my place and speak what they do not believe, what they fear will have an unfavorable effect on the church, or what will have an unfavorable effect on me!'

"There is not a more moral or upright man, or a more perfect gentleman and scholar, in the Union! Though I do not accept his philosophy, or the application of it, I am proud to own that Wendell Phillips is my personal friend. I have the greatest admiration for the man. He has that which is brighter than any gem ever worn in a kingly crown, namely: moral courage to proclaim, and perseverance to advocate, what he thinks to be true, no matter what opposition he may encounter.

"And I will tell you one thing: if you expect by any such prudent course as that to get money to build a church, I do not want it; I do not want a church that is built at the price of making men hold their tongues.

"I see it is reported that of late I have been growing moderate; but the old feeling is in me yet! I am as warmly in favor of free speech as I ever was. I will have it myself; I will contend for it for others; and I will rebuke that cowardice which is afraid to let a man speak freely. Manliness requires that you should allow open speech. If you want to meet it, meet it by counter speech.

"Now, you know very well that while I speak with great severity and emphasis, I do not speak with hatred or anger, but because I abhor cowardice—and most in those that I love. I did not suppose I had brought up a church or a congregation to sin in that way.

"One thing I am perfectly settled about, and that is this: I myself shall be free, and every one who has anything to do with me shall be free also, if I can help him to be so. And if, in the augmentation of our church, you mean that there shall be circumscription of the liberty of speech, you will not have my cooperation in the putting up of a single brick. You may say that this will stand in the way of building. Then let it! I do not care for a building that goes up on that foundation. It would be like an old temple of Egypt—great and grand in outward form, but full of dead dust inside. No: nothing is of any worth that does not carry with it the vitality of the liberty of the sons of God in the expression of honest convictions. So much for that!"

In the same discourse, Mr. Beecher, speaking of courage among business men, made the following observations:

"I have been a silent spectator—I think I have said little about it—of the desperate effort which has lately been made to get up another merchant fever. How many have been ashamed to honestly admit themselves to be Anti-Slavery men, Abolitionists! How many that drank in the drop of Liberty with their mother's milk have, from an ignominious fear, been attempting to curry favor with the South! These men are fit only to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot! They are salt without savor. They have lost function, in losing manhood. Do you suppose there could be pinned up in hell a more exquisite roll of infernal honor than that exhibited by those men—I think there were some twelve hundred of them—who signed a petition asking the Legislature to permit Southern slaveholders to bring their slaves into this State, for fear they should not be thought to be sound in favor of slavery—for fear they should lose custom and reputation? I do not know but what they will save their reputation; but as to saving their souls, I am afraid there is not much to save in that direction! If there is, then there is a doctrine of infinitesimals that is beyond any comprehension of mine. What dastards, what contemptible things wearing the form of men, must they be, who, outvieing Judas, make haste to sell their principles and their Master, without the pretence of any other temptation than that of saving a little pelf—and that, too, when they were rich enough to retire long ago! But it is comforting to think that there is some use in the worst of things! When things have become corrupted, they are, at any rate, good for manure; and let us hope that out of this reeking filth a more luxuriant harvest of virtue may spring up!

"I know these men. I have read their names. I have treasured them up. I have no feeling of revenge toward them. But there may come a time when I shall have something to say *about* them and *to* them. I shall never forget that when I do speak under such circumstances, every word is to be a red-hot cannon-ball! I will have nothing to do with them. My soul, go not into their council! They are not merely cowards, but *perjured* cowards, every one of them; and some of them are apostates. They were educated to better things, and have gone back to apostacy, under the paltriness and bribery of interest!

"There is one thing that men ought to understand, and that is, not only that integrity is safe in business, but that it is the *only* safety in business. A man that is infected in other respects besides his honesty may not be safe merely because he is honest; but where a man has industry, and sagacity, and experience, if he has, added to these, moral principle, it will not only not stand in the way of

DISUNION ANTI-SLAVERY WORK IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK,
IN THE WINTER OF 1859–60.

On Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, of Ohio, came into New York the last of September, and labored alone until the second week in January, holding meetings in the Counties of Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Allegany, Yates, Wayne, Ontario, Herkimer and Oneida.

AARON M. POWELL held meetings during November and December, on Long Island, and in the Counties of Westchester, Dutchess, Columbia, Saratoga and Washington.

PARKER PILLSBURY came into the State December 1st, and made his first speech at the Rochester JOHN BROWN meeting, on the evening of December 2d. The five Sunday evenings following Mr. P. lectured in Corinthian Hall, and during the weeks intervening in villages in the vicinity of Rochester.

During the month of January, PARKER PILLSBURY, MARIUS R. ROBINSON, AARON M. POWELL and SUSAN B ANTHONY attended a series of ninth Conventions in the towns and cities along the line of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads, from Buffalo to Poughkeepsie, viz., in Lockport, Buffalo, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica, Poughkeepsie, Hudson, Troy, Easton.

On the first of February came the New York State Anti-Slavery Convention at Albany, with WENDELL PHILLIPS added to the list of speakers.

During the months of February and March, PILLSBURY, POWELL and ANTHONY attended a second series of Conventions in the larger villages on the New York Central Railroad, between Syracuse and Buffalo, viz., in Port Byron, Weedsport, Jordan, Seneca Falls, Canandaigua, Brockport, Medina, Albion. The ninth of the second series, and the nineteenth and last Convention of the entire campaign, with GILES B. STEBBINS and LUCY H. COLMAN added to the list of speakers, was held at Rochester, March 21st and 22d.

The week following, to Sunday April 1st, Mr. PILLSBURY and Miss ANTHONY visited Williamson, Marion, Palmyra, Macedon Locks, Macedon Centre and Farmington —holding in all ten meetings.

Included in this recapitulation should be the speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS at the Athenæum in Brooklyn, March 20th.

Here is a DISUNION ANTI-SLAVERY WORK stretching through a period of six months and the entire length of the State, from Buffalo to Brooklyn—yes, to Huntington, L. I. Of its moral value to the State I can make no exact computation. But, judging from my own experience, and the testimony of others far more competent than myself, a work more impressive, more effective, more thorough, could not well have been done. The entire nation has been its audience, as witness its echoings back from remotest hill-top and valley. Its grand utterances have been repeated on the floor of Congress, and resolutions presented in that *august* legislative assemblage for the suppression of such "*incendiary*" meetings and Conventions in the free States. Its electric flash has startled the Argus-eyed monster of the plantations of Louisiana, Georgia and the Carolinas, and provoked the bitter spleen of Slavery's myrmidon hosts throughout the entire North. Its terrible but just rebukes of Republicanism and Sewardism have caused the hearts of their champions to quake with fear as mighty as was that of Belshazzar when the prophet Daniel interpreted the hand-writing on the wall.

The listening everywhere has been attentive and earnest. There is, in the hearts of the men and the women who have the moral courage, the heroism to attend our meetings, a strong desire to do something to rid the country of slavery. And though, when their inquiry, "What shall we do?" is answered, as it only can be, "Go, put away your allegiance to this slaveholding Government and Union; refuse to swear to keep inviolate the wicked compact between the free and the slave States; vote for no man and with no party except 'FREEDOM NATIONAL and SLAVERY NOWHERE' shall be inscribed on the banner; be separated from all the popular Churches which fellowship the slaveholder as a Christian; cease to give your influence, your votes or your money for the support of a pro-slavery Government or Church"; very many of them, like the young man of old, "turn away *sorrowful*," the sacrifice being greater than they can bear; still, none of them can ever settle back into their creeds and politics with the same easy unconsciousness of the wrongfulness of their positions.

The trouble with genuine Anti-Slavery, genuine Religion, is that it *costs too much*. It is only here and there a man or a woman that will do other than "turn away sorrowful" when the voice comes to his or her soul, "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor" slave. The multitude, now as of old, seek to climb up some other and easier way—and, alas! now as then, to fail.

Of the *monied* value of this anti-slavery work, I can more exactly speak; and I would ask the anti-slavery friends of our State to note particularly the *figure* facts which it presents.

The amount of receipts by Messrs. Robinson and Powell to January 1st I cannot give; but this I know, they did not equal travelling and incidental expenses. Mr. Pillsbury's Sunday evening lectures in Rochester failed to pay incidental expenses to the amount of forty dollars. From January 1st to April 1st, the expenses of advertising, handbills and rent of halls, for the nineteen Conventions and Mr. Pillsbury's thirteen lectures, were $450. The travelling expenses of the four speakers, judging from the amount of my own, were about $200, making in all $650. To meet this, the amount raised by door fees was $209, by individual contributions $216, making in all $425, leaving $225 debt; then, counting to each of the workers the wages of an ordinary mechanic—$2 per day—their services would amount to $816; swelling the entire indebtedness to $1,041. To meet an outlay of $1,466 in the Empire State, the professed friends of freedom within its proud domain contributed of their abundant wealth the vast sum of two hundred and sixteen dollars, which, added to the $209 by door fees, leaves it to Massachusetts munificence to pay the balance of the bill—one thousand and forty-one dollars. And what is true of this winter's work is equally so of the two previous anti-slavery campaigns, the financial agency of which has been delegated to me; also of the Woman's Rights work done in New York the past year.

Think of it, men and women of New York! the EMPIRE STATE—Empire not only in territory, but in agriculture, commerce, wealth, education, political influence—ever indebted to the OLD BAY STATE, with her soil reputed too sterile to grow anything save noble men and women! Surely, there is great need of the word that shall rouse the friends of the slave in our State to *open their purses* to the support of the gospel they profess to believe. Suppose there are only one hundred families in the entire State who really believe in the distinctive principles of the Disunion Abolitionists, and then suppose each of those families to contribute to the anti-slavery enterprise the sum of fifty dollars a year, which would be no more than the average amount paid annually by pro-slavery church members of moderate income, there would be the grand sum of $5,000; and what a glorious work toward evangelizing the Empire State, and, through it, the entire nation, might be done with such a magnificent annual contribution! But instead, scarce a half dozen make contributions to the amount of ten dollars per year to sustain lecturing agencies in the State, while very many never have exceeded the sum of one dollar from the day they professed to have espoused the cause of the slave.

The generous hospitality extended to the speakers in every city and very nearly every village visited is a most valuable contribution to the cause—one that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, nor fully appreciated by any save those who have experienced its grateful influences upon exhausted body and spirit. How delightful to each of our lecturing corps is the remembrance of the Hughses and Tylers of Lockport, the Griffins and Rathbuns of Buffalo, the Wrights of Auburn, the Thompsons and Delongs of Utica, the Schrams and De Garmos of Poughkeepsie, the Marriotts and Macys of Hudson, the Clarks and Stewarts of Troy, the Peckhams, Dennises, Bakers, Wilburs of Easton, the Motts, Joneses, Bargerts of Albany, the Dixons, Mitchells, Duvols of Port Byron, the Barneys and Streeters of Weedsport, the Stantons of Seneca Falls, the Harts, Mosbers and Smiths of Canandaigua, the Barriers, Randalls, Thomases of Brockport, the Anthonys of Medina, the Andrewses, Coleses, Fellowses of Albion, the Posts and Hallowells of Rochester, the Allens of Williamson, the Smiths of Marion, the Sextons of Palmyra, the Doiys and Laphams of Macedon. A thousand thanks, in behalf of the four million slaves, to every kindly hand that ministers the cup of cold water, and for every cheerful, hopeful look and word that greets the eye and the ear of the weary and worn advocate of the enslaved.

Friends of Freedom in New York! there is yet a great work to be done, before the soil of the Empire State shall be *free*, before its massive, crushing weight shall be lifted off the bodies and souls of the four million slaves. The minions of the slave-hunter still have legal permission to prowl through our State in the track of the fleeing fugitive; and every truly Christian man or woman who gives the cup of cold water, or ministers to these *least* of Christ's brethren, whether in or out of prison, is still a culprit in the eye of the law. Let us, then, in view of the pressing and increasing demands of the anti-slavery enterprise, resolve that, from this day onward, we will give not only our sympathy, our word and our hospitality, but our *money* also. Let every genuine Disunion Abolitionist resolve that no pro-slavery church-member of equal financial ability shall give more freely for the support of his slavery-abetting ministry and missionary enterprises than does he or she for the support of the gospel of Immediate Emancipation, or Immediate Dissolution of this slavery-accursed Union. Who are the men and the women who will pledge *Fifty Dollars* to aid in defraying the expenses of next winter's anti-slavery campaign in the State of New York? Proud will be the day when the acknowledgments in THE STANDARD and *The Liberator* shall give to the world one hundred men and women of the Empire State pledged thus to help on the work of revolutionizing public sentiment, and, through it, of breaking the chains of the millions now groaning under the curse of slavery.

Yours for constant, earnest work,

Rochester, April 9, 1860. SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF HAYTI—MEETING IN ALBANY.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 4, 1860.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.

A MEETING of more than usual interest was held in this city last evening, in the Hamilton street Methodist Church, to respond to an Address to the Citizens of Albany from the people of Hayti, congratulating them upon the one hundred guns and other demonstrations here, on the 2d of December, commemorative of the martyrdom of JOHN BROWN.

The following is the Address from the people of Hayti:

CITIZENS OF ALBANY: The cannon you fired to commemorate the death of John Brown has reëchoed in the hearts of Haytians and of the strangers of our land, and reverberates through our fields and cities. Your energetic protest against an act of barbarity does you the greatest honor, as it evidently proves that there exist in the American Republic courageous men devoted to the holy cause of freedom of the blacks. Receive, then, the sincere thanks of the citizens of the Republic of Hayti, a Republic that its enemies on another continent represent as always in ruin. Albanians, the Haytians are without prejudice; they receive without hesitation all who come to join them. It is by our conduct, and by that alone, that you can find arguments capable of refuting the assertions of those enemies of humanity who decry us.

Mr. —— SMITH presided, and the Rev. Mr. MILLER, of the Hamilton street Baptist Church, was chosen secretary. Speeches of an earnest, eloquent and highly appropriate character were made by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL, the Rev. Mr. MILLER and others. Of these speeches, so timely and so well received, I would most gladly furnish you a report, or synopsis, but am unable, in this connection, to do so.

The following Address to the People of Hayti was unanimously and most heartily adopted, to be forwarded by the Secretary to *The Le Progress* of Hayti, for publication:

TO THE PEOPLE OF HAYTI: Your address has been read by the people of Albany. Its words are eloquent—its sentiments are true. JOHN BROWN still lives in our hearts. His spirit animates our souls. The day of his death will long be remembered. It was a gloomy hour in Albany when the solemn echoes of the minute guns, reverberating among our adjacent hills, announced that the spirit of Brown was winging its way to God. The sun refused to shine, and the clouds dropped tears of sympathy for the fate of the sainted martyr. The people assembled in the churches to express their sorrow, and the streets were vocal with the cry of "Give me liberty or give me death." Our rich men and our poor men, those in high public station and those in humble life, joined solemnly but heartily in the demonstrations of respect for the noble life that was going out on the gallows in Virginia.

This is the capital city of the greatest State in America. Here the first Congress of the Colonies met in devotion to Liberty. It was fitting that this ancient city should take notice of an event so significant as that of the death of John Brown—a martyr to the cause for which our fathers suffered so much.

We rejoice that the fires of Liberty burn so brightly on your beautiful island. We hear with unfeigned pleasure of your prosperity and steady progress in improvement and civilization. Humanity is one. We need your sympathies. The enemies of Freedom in our country are strongly entrenched, and the battle for freedom we know will be long, but not uncertain.

Free citizens of Hayti! accept our hearty thanks for your remembrance of the widows and the fatherless. Remember also those in bonds, and the spirit of the great Hero we unitedly commemorate shall watch over you.

Very truly yours, P.

THE RECENT SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AT a stated meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society of Philadelphia, held on Tuesday evening, April 3d, in Clarkson Hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the rendition of the alleged fugitive, "Moses Horner," Philadelphia has given fresh evidence of her subserviency to the Slave Power, and of her willingness to sacrifice at the shrine of this unholy despotism all those safeguards of freedom which should be to her sacred and inalienable.

Resolved, That inasmuch as a man's right to his freedom does not depend upon the authority of laws or constitutions, but exists by virtue of his manhood, therefore it matters not whether this sacred right be stricken down, according to the forms of law, or in violation of them, the act, in either case, is abhorrent to our feelings of humanity, and an outrage upon our sense of justice.

Resolved, That we feel imperatively called upon to express our sympathy with those colored men who are now awaiting their trial, for no other crime than that of having obeyed the most generous impulses of our common nature, in a brave attempt to rescue a fellow-creature from a doom worse than death.

A WORD FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.

MERRIMACK COUNTY, N. H., March 22, 1860.

IT is many months since I have written to THE STANDARD relating to the aspects of the Anti-Slavery cause in the Granite State, and I have not much to say now. We have had no special revival in that direction, but I think the mass of the people are becoming better informed as to the iniquities and injurious bearing and influence of the "peculiar institution" upon the morals and business of the country. The people are coming up to the grade of anti-slavery of the Republican party, as indicated by the largely increased Republican majority at our late election. This, you will perhaps say, is not making much progress; but the fact is, the mass of the people are far ahead of the politicians. They would sustain an administration not only in restricting or non-extending slavery, but in prohibiting or abolishing it everywhere under the jurisdiction of the general government. If a decided anti-slavery Republican should be nominated at Chicago, New Hampshire may be set down for a majority SIX THOUSAND strong for the Republican nominee. But much will depend upon the Presidential nominations of the two leading parties of the country. T. W.

THE MONTHLY ANTI-SLAVERY PRAYER MEETING, held at the Lecture Room of Dr. Cheever's Church on Monday evening last, was very interesting. Dr. Hartt presided and read extracts from a speech of the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, of Glasgow, Scotland, delivered at a large public meeting lately held in that city to furnish moral and material aid for Dr. Cheever in his war with the minions of slavery. Prayers were offered by several persons whose names we did not hear mentioned, and brief addresses were delivered by Parker Pillsbury, Mr. Henderson (colored missionary from British Guiana), Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Gilbert, Dr. Hartt, Mr. Fairbank and Oliver Johnson. The utmost harmony and good feeling characterized the meeting. Mr. Pillsbury, especially, was listened to with very deep interest, by some even who had so often heard him denounced as an infidel that they were not a little surprised to see how his remarks glowed with the very spirit of Christianity. If these meetings continue as they have begun, they cannot fail to exert a potent influence in this city by bringing earnest anti-slavery people of every class together and preparing them to unite in practical work.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1860.

SINCE the date of my last letter, we have had another exhibition of the infernal character of slavery, upon the floors of Congress. As the outburating lava of Vesuvius gives us an idea of the boiling, seething, fiery mass just beneath the earth's crust, so these eruptions of the hellish passions engendered by slavery give us an idea of the character of the "institution," or, as Mr. Lovejoy termed it, "the *practice*, not the institution of slavery."

Let me give you the Democratic account of this "outrage"—I refer, of course, to the attacks upon Mr. Lovejoy, last Thursday, during the delivery of an anti-slavery speech in the House of Representatives—and for that purpose I will quote from *The Evening Star's* report, *The Star* being, as you are aware, one of the tools of this Administration, in this city. Let us see its report, which will, of course, be as favorable as possible to the slaveholder, for its editor is one, and as harsh as possible against Mr. Lovejoy. It says:

"Taking position on the floor, in front of the Speaker's desk, and approaching half way to the Democratic side of the House in a menacing attitude, with his fists clenched, Mr. Lovejoy went on to say:

"'This attempted justification of the principle of slavery of man would justify archangels in enslaving the angels in turn, and it would transform Jehovah himself into an infinite Juggernaut, rolling the huge wheels of His Omnipotence, axle-deep, amid the crushed and mangled bodies of men.'

"Mr. Pryor (in an excited manner) here rose to a point of order, stating that it required great forbearance on the part of Southern men to sit there still and listen to such vile slander upon their domestic institutions and constituents; but it was more than they could submit to to have the member, while thus abusing them, approach them in the defiant manner in which he had; and he would tell the gentleman that he should not proceed one step further that way, unless he became less insolent and changed his manner considerably. [He then took position on the one side of the main aisle, with Mr. Lovejoy on the other. Other gentlemen crowded round, and great confusion ensued.]

"Mr. Cox, of Ohio—Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order.

"The Chair (Mr. Washburn, of Me.)—The gentleman will please state his point of order.

"Mr. Cox—It is, sir, that the gentleman is violating an express rule of the House in speaking elsewhere than from his seat.

"Mr. Bocock and others surrounded Mr. Lovejoy, and endeavored to have him resume his seat, but to no purpose.

"Mr. Barksdale, of Miss. (wielding his cane)—Yes, make the damned lying, thievish scoundrel take his seat.

"Mr. Singleton was understood to apply a similar epithet.

"The Chair—The Chair hopes gentlemen will resume their seats.

"Mr. Cox—Let Mr. Lovejoy first be seated.

"Mr. Adrian, of N. J., said he would suggest to the gentleman, in order that quiet might be restored, that he would for awhile resume his seat. He was sure no one regarded the gentleman as being a coward, or thought that he could in the least be intimidated; and he trusted, therefore, he would not regard the suggestion in this light.

"Mr. Lovejoy—No, sir! I am no coward; and I will say more, that I cannot and will not be intimidated.

"Mr. Barnett, of Ky. (standing in the centre of the aisle, between Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Pryor), rose to a point of order, that the gentleman be required to speak from his seat. He swore, by all that was good and pure, that if his feeble arm could prevent it, the gentleman should not proceed one step further in such a menacing manner.

"A Voice from the Republican side—'It has been customary for gentlemen to speak from any portion of the Hall they might see proper—mostly from the main aisle.'

"Mr. John Cochrane, of N. Y.—Yes; but it is a very bad practice, and ought not to be continued.

"[Loud calls being made for the Sergeant-at-Arms, that officer being absent from his post, his clerk appeared, bearing the mace of office; but it proved insufficient in securing order. Finally, the Chair, finding it impossible to make gentlemen resume their seats, was compelled to abandon his position, and call the Speaker of the House to preside. The Speaker having resumed the Chair, quiet was again restored.]

"Mr. Washburn (Chairman in Committee) reported to the House that, in consequence of the disorder that prevailed while in committee, they were unable to proceed with business. Now that quiet had been restored, if no objection was raised, he would again occupy the chair, and thus allow the business of the committee to be proceeded with.

"Mr. Sherman said, as peace once more reigned, he hoped the House would again resolve itself into Committee of the Whole, and permit the gentleman from Illinois to conclude his remarks.

"No objection being raised, the House again resolved itself into Committee of the Whole (Mr. Washburn, of Me., in the chair).

"Mr. Cox—Mr. Chairman, I renew my point of order, that the gentleman, in speaking elsewhere than from his seat, is violating an express rule of this House.

"The Chair sustained the point of order raised, and directed the gentleman to speak from his seat.

"Mr. Lovejoy—I have no seat.

"A Voice (from the Republican side)—No, nor any one else.

"It was suggested from the Democratic side that he then speak from the Clerk's desk.

"Mr. Lovejoy acted on the suggestion, and resumed his remarks from that position."

I was present in the House during the exciting scene and can make some corrections to the above. In the first place, Mr. Lovejoy stood where dozens of other members have stood to deliver a speech, and the point of order raised on him was offensive, as it is never raised against other members. Then as to his "defiant manner," so much talked of in the pro-slavery journals. His gesticulation to strangers might seem to be of that character, but not to any one accustomed to his style of speaking. He uses his double fists as naturally in a speech as some men continually slap one open palm with the other. Perhaps a man who never saw Mr. Lovejoy speak before might have honestly thought his manner to be defiant; but what of that? He violated no parliamentary rule nor equalled in bitterness of tone the continual speeches of the slaveholders before a Speaker was chosen. I need not say that the speech was bold; I think it was the most radical anti-slavery speech ever delivered in Congress, but it was not violative in any particular of the rules of the House.

The above sketch of the scene leaves out a great many of the most outrageous threats uttered against Mr. Lovejoy, and does not speak of some men who were very active in the work of intimidation. At one time twenty slaveholders surrounded the speaker, one man flourishing his cane and many of the others their fists, Mr. Lovejoy meanwhile standing as erect as a statue and refusing to budge one inch from his position. Then, too, some of the most shocking violations of the rules of the House occurred *after* he had gone to the Clerk's desk and was finishing his speech from that place. At every convenient point, and especially when he uttered a severe sentence, he was interrupted with such exclamations as the following: "You d——d nigger thief," "You liar," "You are inferior to the meanest negro," "You are a scoundrel," etc. etc. These interruptions were bold and loud; and if the House had any spirit or sense of shame, it would expel the members guilty of this infamous conduct.

Mr. Lovejoy is well satisfied, however. He cares just nothing at all for the miserable blackguardism of his Southern opponents, and he did succeed in delivering "to the bitter end" one of the most scathing and denunciatory speeches against slavery ever prepared.

The House has passed the Nelson Polygamy bill, thus supporting the Republican doctrine of the duty of Congress to suppress crime in the Territories, and establishing a precedent for the overthrow of slavery in the Territories and the District of Columbia. Popular Sovereignty got but little support in the House, nor will it receive any countenance in the Senate except from Messrs. Douglas and Pugh.

But notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Douglas gains ground for the Charleston nomination with great rapidity. The Connecticut election has very much frightened the Southern Democrats, and more especially the Administration Democrats in the free States. Scores of the enemies of Mr. Douglas a month ago have since come over to his support, and his chances now are quite respectable for the nomination.

The elections in Connecticut and Rhode Island have injured Mr. Seward's prospects among the Washington politicians, but they are not *the people*. It is evident, however, that the loss of Rhode Island and the close vote in Connecticut have alarmed the Republicans here, and they talk of concessions to the conservatives by taking up Bates or McLean, which indicates the want of courage among the Republicans, or a lack of confidence in the result of the election were Seward taken up. AVON.

THE BOOTH CASE.—The Milwaukee *Free Democrat* says it is understood that Sherman M. Booth has instituted suits against Judge Miller, of the U. S. District Court, and also against Jehu H. Lewis, U. S. Marshal, for false imprisonment, and for the penalty of $1,250 given by statute for arresting the plaintiff, after being once discharged on *habeas corpus*. The suits were brought in the County Court, claiming $5,000 damages in each. Messrs. J. H. Paine and Son are attorneys for Mr. Booth.

THE REV. DANIEL WORTH was brought to trial on the 6th inst., summarily convicted, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. His crime (!) was the selling of a few copies of Helper's "Impending Crisis of the South." The imprisonment of a Christian minister for such an act *must* operate against slavery even more powerfully than the book he sold. Despotism, in this instance, has overreached itself.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, March 27, 1860, in Salem, New Jersey, beloved and regretted by all, ELIZABETH GOODWIN, aged seventy.

TRULY it may be said of her that she lived to do good. The stranger who visited her home, and saw how pleasant she made it by her kindness and hospitality, only saw what they who lived with her enjoyed every day of their lives, year after year; for *her* pleasant words and genial smiles were the genuine outpouring of a benevolent heart and an amiable disposition, and it was the vocation of her daily life to render those around her happy.

In her, benevolence was both an impulse and a principle. There seemed not to exist in her character one latent speck of selfishness. Incapable of little envies or jealousies, she warmly rejoiced in the prosperity and success of her neighbor; and to *her*, every one was in some sense her neighbor. Her nature was equally adapted to participate in their sorrow as in their joy; and if she could augment the one, or alleviate the other, by any effort within her power, untiringly were her labors of love put forth. The little comforts, the little conveniencies of those around her were, more than her own, the object of her thoughtful care. Few, by their own uniform cheerfulness, diffused so much cheerfulness around them; few, by their unassuming goodness and ever-reliable sympathy, inspired more hearts with perfect confidence.

Without the faintest *parade* in any action of her life, her purse, according to its measure (and far beyond what most would have deemed its measure), her hands, her needle, were all unceasingly employed in works of usefulness for others. To the children of want her ear was ever open, her services ever given; and any merely personal occupation instantly laid aside to attend to *their* sacred claims. Active and earnest throughout her life was her interest in the subject of slavery; no class of human sufferers engaged more fervently her compassion than did its victims; and by her contributions to their cause she evinced the practical character of her attachment to it.

Her understanding was good, and her judgment dispassionate; and therefore, among those who best knew her, her opinions were respected and her counsel sought. In the midst of her useful labors for the various branches of her own family both in and out of her immediate household, and for the poor, she found that "where there was a will, there was a way" to indulge her deep-seated fondness for reading; rare were the days that did not see her, for a little while at least, closely absorbed in the perusal of some favorite volume; and while she took time to become acquainted with various modern productions, few, except those whose lives were devoted to letters, excelled her in familiarity with many of the old-fashioned standard writers of English literature, especially the leading English poets and historians.

Farewell, beloved friend! One who, alike in sickness as in health, has, since girlhood, daily experienced thy almost maternal love and care, and who now, while mourning a loss earth cannot replace, blesses the Power which has spared such a friend to her so long, lays, with reverent hand and loving heart, this little record on thy grave. A. W. M.

Salem, New Jersey, April 1, 1860.

MARRIED WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—*The New York Observer* copies and commends, as "in the main wise and wholesome," the law recently enacted in this State to protect married women in the enjoyment of their property and the fruits of their daily toil. In doing so, however, it attempts, with characteristic unscrupulousness, to make its readers believe that the law is the result of causes independent of the woman's rights movement—nay, that its enactment has been not promoted but delayed by that movement. After commending the law, and expressing the hope that, if further legislation is necessary to encourage women to enter upon branches of business suitable to their physical and spiritual nature, it may be furnished, *The Observer* says:

"*The woman's rights movements have greatly hindered her progress in this direction.* While unwise 'reformers' have been clamoring for the 'rights' of women, the various arts of printing, engraving, modelling, &c., have been quietly entered upon, and fifty others are open to any one who is willing to undertake them."

The injustice and meanness of this imputation are worthy of *The Observer*. The editor knows, of course, as every other intelligent person in the country knows, that the law in question is the legitimate and visible fruit of the woman's rights agitation, persisted in year after year, in disregard of conservative sneers and abuse. The need of such laws has been the burden of woman's rights conventions, speeches and resolutions for ten years past, and the petitions by which the attention of the Legislature was drawn to the subject were drafted and circulated exclusively by the self-denying women upon whose heads *The Observer* and kindred prints have poured a constant stream of ridicule and vituperation.

The Observer confesses that women have been quietly entering upon the arts of printing, engraving, modelling, &c., "WHILE" *the advocates of woman's rights have been pursuing their agitation.* Perhaps it will condescend to explain why, if the woman's rights agitation has "greatly hindered" the progress of this enlargement of woman's sphere of labor, it has advanced so much more rapidly since that movement began than it did before. This effort to give the credit of a distinctive woman's rights measure to its enemies instead of its friends is of a piece with the pretence that the real enemies of slavery are not those who agitate for its abolition, but those who are seeking to allay all excitement and leave the slaves to the generosity (!) of their taskmasters.

Summary.

Two of John Brown's daughters are attending Frank B. Sanborn's school at Concord, N. H.

Frederick Douglass's autobiography has been translated into German by Otillie Assing, and published at Hamburg.

Rosa Bonheur has not only received, as already stated, an offer of the most liberal kind to go to the United States and paint a picture of a herd of wild buffaloes, but has received an offer of marriage from the same hand. Whether the latter is accepted as well as the former is not yet known.

The Governor of Virginia has succeeded in having a requisition properly drawn upon Gov. Kirkwood of Iowa for the surrender of the other Coppock of the John Brown party and a warrant has been issued for his arrest, but he is out of the State and not likely to be found.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Massachusetts pays more postage, has more newspapers and journals than any State of the same size in the Union. One-fifth of the entire sum raised by taxation for public schools in the United States is paid by this Commonwealth."

A MASTER KILLED BY HIS SLAVES.—Hiram Fowlkes, Esq., residing near Burkeville, Nottoway County, Va., was recently murdered by his own slaves. The Virginia papers, as usual in such cases, eulogize the master; but we have no doubt that the slaves were excited to kill him by some cruelty which they had suffered at his hands.

The proprietor of a hotel in the capital of a Western State posted the following notice in the hall-way leading to the dining-room: "Members of Assembly will go to the table first, and gentlemen afterwards. Nota Bena—Rowdies and blackguards will not mix with members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

A runaway negro at Montgomery, Ala., a few days since, made a gallant resistance to his pursuers, wounding one of them badly by a pistol shot, and, refusing to be taken alive, was shot dead, at a loss of $1,800 to the afflicted patriarch to whom his "labor or service was due." It is good to see the brave old motto, "liberty or death," illustrated occasionally, even by a black man.

The Charter Oak Insurance Company of Hartford, Ct., advertises in a Savannah paper, "Insurance on slaves at low rates." It is not stated whether the insurance is against combustion or the underground railroad, but we should suppose the rates ought to be high in these incendiary times, to make a paying business of it.

The pro-slavery press are very fond of asking why a slaveholder has not the right to carry "his property" wherever his business or his pleasure calls him. This question is answered in true Yankee fashion by asking another, and the following: "Why can't I carry my property where I please?" as the man said with two pole-cats in a basket and a pound of assafœtida in each pocket, trying to force his way into a ball-room.

ARREST OF A KIDNAPPER.—*Norfolk, Thursday, April 5, 1860.*—The British schooner Alice Rogers, of St. Johns, N. B., from Montego Bay, Jamaica, bound to Philadelphia, with sugar and dyewoods, is here. Capt. Brayley offered to sell, in Hampton Roads, two free negroes, whereupon he was arrested, and the vessel taken in charge by the authorities.

EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN IN CHINA.—A Pekin letter says that the women of Northern China have been emancipated by their Tartar rulers from many of the senseless and injurious customs still in force in the southern portion of the empire, especially in regard to the cruel contraction of the feet. Their minds and persons have also been emancipated from much of the despotism of Chinese usages and ideas.

DEBATE ON SLAVERY.—A correspondent informs us that a warm debate came off in the western part of this Hundred, at the school-house near Satterfields, on Saturday night last, upon the question whether or not slavery is benificial to a community. The question had been discussed once before at the same place and decided in the negative, but the advocates of the institution were not satisfied at their defeat and they drummed up new forces and tried it again; but this time they were beaten worse even than before, and when the umpires decided against them, they appealed to the audience; which sustained the decision by a majority of two-thirds.—*Milford (Del.) News.*

THE ETHIOPIAN EXODUS.—FIRST INSTALMENT.—A party of twenty nine negroes crossed the river on Friday, *en route* for Canada, constituting the first instalment of the Northern emigration of free negroes from the Southern States which have passed enactments expelling them from their jurisdiction. They were all included in three families, and were from North Carolina. The heads of the families were brothers, so that the twenty-nine were all of the same blood.—*Detroit Free Press.*

STORY'S STATUE OF QUINCY.—A private letter from Rome, dated as late as 15th February, written by an eminent professional gentleman passing the winter there, says:

"I must say a word to you about Story's statue of Quincy. He has now set it up in clay, and I think that he has hit the likeness admirably. If he were to do nothing else in sculpture but this statue and that of his father, he might certainly count upon a name with posterity. I wish that a vein of popularity might call out his artistic abilities in their full proportions. If he could only work upon the stimulus of having an eager public after all or any of his productions, what fine developments we should see of his genius, taste and general culture!"

DEATH OF AN OLD NEGRO.—Negro Sam lately died on the plantation of his master, A. J. Billingly, of Jones County, Georgia. When captured in Africa to be brought to this country, he says he was forty-five years old. He was landed in Charleston, and was bought by the Lowther family; lived with them in that city nearly twelve years, and was in their possession till a few years since. From Charleston, Sam was carried to Savannah; staid there forty years, and moved to this section about the year 1826. From the evidence of reliable persons, and the negro's own statement, he is supposed to have been over one hundred and forty years old at the time of his death.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Frederick Brown, of Ohio, the only surviving brother of the late John Brown, addressed a large audience of our citizens at the City Hall, on Tuesday evening last. He dealt with American Slavery without gloves and in an earnest and effective manner. He is and always has been a thorough-going Republican. He declared that John Brown never was a Republican, and never sympathized with the Republican party. He had his own way of thinking and acting and followed it out. We learn that Mr. Brown contemplates speaking upon the great question at issue during the coming Presidential campaign, and we think he will do good service. He has a "plain, blunt" way of telling the truth which is quite effective, denoting as it does that he is a man of earnest and honest convictions.—*Concord (N. H) Ind. Democrat, 29th ult.*

GEN. CASS ON THE SLAVE TRADE.—Gen. Cass thinks that the escutcheon of America is quite free from stain, as it regards the slave trade, because the ancestors of the present generation abolished the traffic by law, and made it piracy. The venerable Secretary is not unlike the bird which sticks its head into a hole, and flatters itself that it is out of sight. Does he suppose that the civilized world will hold this nation guiltless of the slave trade, while juries refuse to convict the wretches who openly boast of their participation in it? Can he hope to clear the skirts of an Administration which finds its strongholds in the States where the slave trade is practised? The Democratic party is nowhere so strong as in the States where it is perfectly practicable to land cargoes of slaves in the presence of United States officers, and where juries have no scruple in clearing slave pirates at the expense of perjury. General Cass would consult the reputation of the country by saying nothing, rather than by putting forward such false and hypocritical disclaimers.—*National Era.*

FREE NEGROES IN MARYLAND.—The bill, or rather the measures, concerning the free colored population in Maryland has become a law, but in such a form that it only prohibits further manumissions unless the slaves be removed from the State, and also permits free colored persons to renounce their freedom. Another law has also passed, to appoint a Board of Commissioners for the better control and management of the free colored population of St. Mary's, Calvert, Howard, Kent, Baltimore, Worcester, Caroline, Charles, Somerset, Talbot and Prince George Counties. It provides that all free negroes shall provide homes for themselves—that if they cannot support themselves, they shall be hired out; all children shall be hired out until they are of age. The bill contains a clause which provides that the bill shall be submitted to the people at the next Presidential election.—*Milford (Del.) News.*

TOUCHING OBITUARY.—The State of Indiana has recently lost by death one of its citizens—Mr. James Bangs. We find an obituary notice of him in a Hoosier paper:

"*Mistur Edatur:* Jem bangs, we are sorry to stait, has deslzed. He departed this Life last mundy. Jem was generally considered a gud feller. He dide at the age of 23 years old. He went 4th without airy struggle; and such is Life. Tu Da we are as pepper grass—mity smart—to Morrer we are gut down like a cowcumber of the Grownd. Jem kept a nice store, which his wife now wates on. His vurchews wos numerous. Menny is things we bot at his growcerey, and we are happy to state that he never cheeted, speshully in the wate of mackrel, which wos nice and smelt sweet and his survivin wife is the same wa. We never new him to put sand in his shugar, tho he had a big sand bar in front of his house; nur water in his licker, tho the ohio River run past his dore. Piece to his remains!"

EXPURGATION OF SPURGEON'S SERMONS.—The Eastern papers are discussing the question whether Spurgeon's sermons have been expurgated of anti-slavery sentiments by their American publishers. As no person seems to have actually compared the English and American editions and given the result to the public, and as the publishers themselves are silent, and as Spurgeon declares that he has never authorized or been aware of any such changes, there is room at the East for some doubt on the question.

We at the West, however, have more light, and have had for two years. One of the firm distinctly said to us, in our office, soon after the issue of the first volumes of the sermons, that they had carefully excluded all references to slavery, for the sake of securing a Southern circulation. This is probably the reason why these publishers do not give, as *The Independent* suggests, "a *point-blank* contradiction of" the charge "over their own signature."—*Chicago Cong. Herald.*

The slaver Virginian, whose arrival at Norfolk a few days ago was noticed under our telegraphic head, is a brig of about one hundred and eighty tons burden, and said to be a fast sailer. She was built at St. Johns, New Brunswick, but owned in this city. Underneath the name painted on her stern appears that of Brewer, which has been imperfectly erased. When captured by the British steamer Viper, she had no slaves on board. After placing a prize crew on board, the Viper fell in with the United States steamer Portsmouth, to whose officers she was consigned, and the brig left for Norfolk immediately. The mutiny which took place on board arose from a sailor named Maguire getting into a quarrel with the slaver's mate. He was directed to cease his abuse, but refused until the officers armed themselves, when Maguire was secured together with four others, and manacled. Captain Lynn, of the Virginian, it is said, admits that she was engaged in the slave trade, and proceeded to Africa for that purpose. A preliminary investigation took place before the United States Commissioner at Norfolk, on the 30th ult., and the trial has been fixed for the 31st of May. If the admissions stated have really been made, the captain must feel confident of getting off as easily at Norfolk as at Charleston. Why cannot one of these captured slavers be brought to a Northern port.—*Eve. Post.*

WATER-LOGGED SAINTS.—[Extract from one of H. W. Beecher's late sermons.]—I hope those old water-logged saints that died soaking in damp stone cells were taken to heaven. They had hell enough on earth, and it would be a pity for them to have a continuation of it in the other world; but I think they were the poorest of all human commodities ever taken in!

When God wanted sponges and oysters, he made them, and put one on a rock, and the other in the mud. When he made man, he did not make him to be a sponge or an oyster; he made him with feet, and hands, and head, and heart, and vital blood, and a place to use them, and said to him, "Go! work!"

But I tell you, if a man has come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin; for a contented live man is a sham! If a man has come to that

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE THRUSH.

The skies are dark, the hills are gray,
Rain unceasing the live-long day,
Pitiless rain! not a single ray
Over the sunless land may stray:
When will the rain be over?

List to those notes, so wild and free,
From the green depths of yon old tree;
Hark! 'tis the thrush's song of glee,
Singing so loud and joyously,
"Soon will the rain be over."

The skies are dark, misty the air,
Not a gleam of sunlight anywhere;
Dreamest thou, bird, the sky is fair,
Cassandra-like, still singing there,
"Soon will the rain be over"?

Look to the westward, far away;
The blue breaks through the curtains gray;
Sing, little prophet-bird, alway,
Give to the minds thy roundelay,
"Soon will the rain be over."

T. E. D.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXV.

"How pleasant everything is!" exclaimed Madge to her father, one day, in the early December, as they sat together, beside a cheerful fire on the library hearth. "Do you know, papa, when I was serious, I was not happy? It tires the heart and patience of one to look into the causes of things. I felt, as my bird and wild woods life seemed to pass away from me, that the world was a very sad place, and I longed to be out of it; but now I feel reconciled to most everything. Our servants" (her voice fell a little) "appear very happy, and I do not hear of any cruelty being practised in the neighborhood; so nothing grieves me now. Yet I do"——

Her head drooped on her breast, and she twisted her fingers together as was her custom when embarrassed.

"What is it, darling?" asked her father, as he lovingly placed his hand upon her head. But as she did not readily reply, he added,

"We will have another letter from Mr. Butler to-morrow. Ha! how is it with that little fluttering heart? But I think my own Madge is not very much in love. Perhaps she thinks Mr. Butler is too old?"

"Too old, papa! What can you mean? I do not like to have you say I am not much in love. Mr. Butler has all my heart—that is, all which you do not occupy. Since Helen's death, I have felt as if I had more room for him. You know how large a portion of my heart was hers; for I think she understood me better than any one else. At least I never had to translate or explain myself to her. She read me freely as an old thumbed school book. But for Mr. Butler I have a reverent sort of love that seems as much a necessity of my soul as prayer. You know, papa, he is so good, so great and grand. I look up to him. He will be a staff for me to lean upon, and I shall grow better and wiser. Since I have known him, I have felt a wonderful quickening of my moral perceptions, and a healthier tone to my thought. He has been a great help to me."

"It seems, my daughter, that you describe respect, rather than love. Now, if for Mr. Butler you cherish no warmer feeling than this, I must urge you to pause, question your heart, investigate, find out the depth, extent and fervor of this feeling. For you have, my pet, a strong nature; and if, after awhile, after being married to him, you should discover that there was a power or force in your heart which had not been moved by him, then would come the moment of awful danger to you—the moment most fatal to woman's truth and faith."

"If such a discovery should come, sir," answered the girl, with a strange, unusual dignity, "I should know my duty. No path is too narrow, too tortuous for a true woman to tread."

Col. Vertner drew her closely to his heart, and heaved a deep sigh as he held her firmly there. Looking up from his bosom with a crimson cheek, and shaking back her tangled curls, she said,

"But, papa, don't be mistaken; I do love Mr. Butler with the most delicious feeling. I tremble when I think of him; and I am sure, out of all creation, he is the one man intended by God for me; so don't trouble your dear self about anything of that sort."

The bright flickering fire was the only light in the room, and the hour was the one just past twilight in the winter, which is always so sacred and confidential. Madge had talked more freely of Mr. Butler to her father than was her wont. The geniality of the hour had cheated her out of her confidence. Ruth came in to close the curtains and light the lamp, when Madge stole off her father's knee, and, as if to avoid his eye, in the broader lamp-light, she went to a bookcase and busied herself there.

"Master, will you and Miss Madge have tea in de library? Mistress isn't comin' down to-night; she has ordered tea in her chamber."

"Oh, let us have our tea served here, papa; it will be so cosy. You and I can enjoy a pleasant *tête à tête*."

"It shall be as you wish, my daughter."

Ruth drew a little round table close to the blazing fire, and brought in the tea and toast, to which Col. Vertner and Madge sat down with delight.

"Isn't it charming, papa? only I don't like to have Ruth standing all the while just behind my chair; it annoys me. Can't I send her away? We have everything we wish; and if I require her, I can ring the bell."

"Certainly, Madge, you shall have everything your own way."

Ruth was no doubt very glad of the chance of a little respite from her usual wearisome attendance upon the table.

"Dear papa!" exclaimed Madge, "how delightful it is for us to be alone. I do love to be with you"—she paused abruptly, for she felt that her feeling was not kind or respectful to her mother. Of late, since our young heroine had begun to use her powers of reflection, she had held herself to quite a rigid account for the manner in which she regarded her mother.

"I ought," thought Madge, "to love mamma above all created persons; but my heart will not warm to her. I am very, very sorry for it, but how can I change my feelings?"

But now, as she sat alone with her father, in the cosy and comfortable little library, she felt how much more sincerely she loved him than her mother, and a pang of conscience rebuked her.

"Come, child, come, little Blossom," broke forth her father, "cheer up; send that care right out of your face; let us have no shadows, no disputes with yourself. Be happy with your father to-night. Shan't we have a little more talk as we sip our tea, and afterward a game of whist?"

"Certainly, papa; but just now a question occurs to me: what do you think Mr. Norton will do with his slaves? You know, Helen expected them to be set free, and Mr. Norton is an Abolitionist."

Col. Vertner laughed heartily, as he replied,

"Yes, yes, he was an Abolitionist, but now he *is* a slaveholder. You see, my dear, there is quite a difference in the relative positions. He will never set those negroes free, and he would be a fool if he did."

"Papa!"—and the half-lifted cup fell from Madge's hand—"papa, what do you mean? You always laugh at everybody's goodness. Now, don't you think Mr. Norton will do what he said, what he taught his wife to believe just and right?"

"He will never set his negroes free?"

"I am sure he will; I feel assured of it; and yet I wish he had done so before Helen's death. But I am sure he is sincere in what he professes."

"If he had been sincere in what he said he thought of slavery, I tell you, my child, he would never have married a woman who held slaves. If his conscience had been so tender and sensitive, I tell you, he would have had those negroes manumitted before marrying Helen. But, no; he has calmly enjoyed the fruits of slave labor ever since his marriage, and now tells you, as he told his credulous wife, that the time has not arrived for liberating his slaves. Well, that is exactly my argument. 'Tis quite likely—and I am willing it should be so—that in the progress of years, slavery will be banished from the country; but that time is distant, and he who would now liberate a slave—except in rare and highly exceptional instances—does him a great unkindness and injustice. The negro is not fitted for the experiment of self-government. He is a child; he must be thought for, acted for, provided for, just like an infant, and managed according to the discipline of a superior."

"He isn't worked for."

"Neither is the horse."

"Yes, but the negro shows more intelligence than a horse."

"Not a bit; he is naturally lazy and wasteful, and, if left to himself, would pass his whole life either in pleasure or begging. Nothing but the rule and law of a master, can make him get along."

"How can you say that, papa? Don't you remember how beautifully our place is always managed when we are away. I have oftentimes heard you say that things went on as well without us with you."

"Because I appointed an overseer."

"He, however, is one of the slaves, and the white men at work upon our public roads always have a superior appointed."

"Yes, yes; but don't bother over that. Now, let us rather, as I first said, have one pleasant evening together."

Madge was not so brilliant or gay as usual. Her father had cast a cloud over her by the expressed doubt of Mr. Norton. True it was that she herself had once implied as much in a conversation with Helen; but that had been so effectually set aside and overcome by the zealous wife, that Madge's confidence was entirely restored. Though she did not again advert to the subject, her thoughts were constantly wandering off from the conversation, so that, after all, they did not have the pleasant, social evening Col. Vertner had wished for. When he kissed her good-night, and brushed back the rich brown hair from her slightly-swelling temples, he said, in a rather serious tone,

"I can't bear to see a shadow on this brow. Madge, look happy, be happy, dear child, or my heart will break. Are you sure that you are happy? There are times when I tremble lest you should not always be so." (Then, in a lower voice, though heard by her) "Retribution must not fall on her. Oh! no; let me have it a thousand-fold."

"What do you mean by retribution?" she asked in surprise.

"Nothing, dear—only a foolish fear, born of my overweaning fondness for you. I only half dread, at times, that the penalty belonging to some of my earlier boyish vices may fall upon you. Providence could punish me in no more fearful way than through you. But don't let my foolish, fond apprehension impress you unhappily. Trouble, sorrow or grief can never come to you, my beautiful summer bird; there is a special angel set to guard you in this life."

"So I have thought, dear papa; but is there not an angel charged with the guardianship of each and every human life?"

"The Catholics believe so, my darling; and, indeed, I see no reason why it may not be true doctrine; certainly it is very poetical, and I can well understand why a fresh, pure-hearted girl like you should be watched over by angels; but for a coarse, rugged, world-weary life like mine, I fear, there are no such pure and heavenly guards."

"Dear papa, I have been afraid of late that you are not quite so happy as you used to be. You are more moody, and strange at times. Has anything gone wrong in your business? Are you about to 'fail,' as people say in the city? Come, tell your child, your wilful but loving Madge, this mystery. Dear papa, you will feel better for the confidence. Unlock your heart for once, and take in my sympathy."

Closer and closer, as if he would draw her into his very heart, the father clasped his child. At that moment a figure—a strange, wild-looking creature—glanced in at one of the windows, from which a portion of the heavy curtain had slipped away. This frightful creature paused for but a moment—saw that loving embrace—shook a clenched fist defiantly toward them—then quickly vanished in the thick darkness.

Her father's conversation made such an impression upon Madge that she went, the next day, to Mrs. Mason's, hoping to have a conversation with Mr. Norton. She found Mrs. Mason very ill, lying on a sofa, with no other company than the faithful Lydia, who still—as ever—patiently bore her mistress's complaints, fretfulness and rebukes. "What a wretched thing," thought Madge, "is a poor ill-tempered, selfish invalid! with no higher thought than her own headache, cough or deranged digestion, and no loftier purpose in life than to protect herself against cold."

"Don't leave that door open," "Give me that tonic," "Don't rock your chair," "Speak lower—I am very nervous," were the few phrases that constituted the staple of Mrs. Mason's conversation. Poor Lydia bore the brunt of her mistress's constant complaining without a word of defence.

"Ah! Madge," croaked out the invalid, "have you come? Well, I am glad to see you; nobody comes to see me now that Helen is gone. Here I lie and suffer out my days without a word of sympathy from any of my friends and neighbors—no one with me but that awkward, sleepy, ill-natured, negligent Lyd, who frets me to death."

We will, without intending to contradict Mrs. Mason, state that every day she had four or five calls from the ladies of the village, and that she was constantly receiving flowers, preserved fruits and other little delicacies and luxuries with which favored invalids are blest. Indeed, her wealth (certainly not her amiability) secured her such attention and service.

"Only see," said Madge, without heeding such idle complaints, "what I have brought you," and she produced a small porcelaine jar of orange marmalade. "I thought you might like this; and then, here is a pretty little silk tidy, which I have knit you because I knew you were so fond of such things."

"Yes, they are all very nice; but, then, Madge, you don't do this for my sake, but because you loved Helen." This was spoken in a peevish, ill-natured tone, and Madge was too honest and truthful to contradict it. What but the love she had borne Helen could induce her now to minister, even with these petty trifles, to such a selfish, complaining, unhappy, luxurious valetudinarian?

Finding that no good, profit or pleasure, would result to Mrs. Mason from her visit, Madge cut it very short.

When about to leave, at the front door, with no one near, Lydia stole up to her and whispered,

"Miss Madge, I'd like to say a few words to you."

"Certainly, Lyd."

"But I'm 'feard somebody'll come here: won't yer please to go inter de library? Nobody is in dar."

"Where is Mr. Norton?"

"Eh! ha! he's bin down town dis good while. It's safe in dar, if you'll please to walk in." So saying, she flung the library door wide open, and Madge passed in, followed by the girl.

"Well, Lyd, what is it?" asked Madge, as she seated herself upon the sofa.

The girl stood, half anxious, half inquiring, half hesitating; something was evidently troubling her; yet she doubted the wisdom or safety of entrusting it to another. Again importuned by Madge, she said,

"Miss Madge, did'nt Miss Hel'n say, 'fore she died, that all her black folks was to be free?"

"Certainly."

"So I thought, and so I 'membered," replied the negro, with passionate energy.

"Why did you ask such a question? You surely recollect what your Miss Helen said; besides, Mr. Norton could tell you."

"Dat's it, Miss Madge—dat's it; you see, Mr. Norton ain't gwine to set us free now; he done tole grandmammy dat de law wouldn't let him, an' dat he couldn't do it no how jist yit. Now, Miss Madge, he's done forgot what he promise Miss Hel'n on her dyin' bed; an' I jist b'lieves, when missus dies, dat we'll all be sole down river, or put on de block an' cried off to de highest bidder; dat's what I b'lieves; 'kase Mr. Norton, he is mighty hard to please, an' jist thinks a nigger has got no tire in him. Our people was never drove half so hard as sense Mr. Norton come inter de family; I tells yer, Miss Madge, he jist fairly grinds de work out us. Missus don't know de half; an' alldough she is cross an' hard to please, she never drove so wid de work. An' den, Mr. Norton jist follers round, lookin' after housework, same as he was a woman. I never seed gentlemans do dat way. He is so fussy; things mus' be done jist so" (here she gave a very significant gesture). "Dey tells me all dem Yankees is dat way. I don't like 'em, I tell you. I'd rather work for one o' our own gentlemen, what never interferes with wimmin's work. Miss Madge, an ab'litionist makes a mighty bad master. Why, I hearn Mr. Norton say a nigger turned his stomach. Miss Madge, whar did Mr. Butler come from? hope he ain't a Yankee. Poor Miss Helen, she was too good to know Mr. Norton. If she was 'live now, it would most break her heart. Why, Miss Madge, he don't 'low de men dar reg'lar Saturday arternoons to work for darselves; an' he complains dat we claims too many holidays. Now, we's never bin cut short of our holidays afore. I tell you, Mr. Norton loves de chink; he never gives us any. You know all gentlemen gives dar slaves a little change now an' den, but he never do. Oh, La! dat is his step. I must git out here an' be at work, for he quarrels powerful if he sees us doin' nothin.'"

"What does Mrs. Mason say to this?" inquired Madge, indignantly.

"Nothin', Miss Madge, 'cept dat Mr. Norton is a good manager; dat's what she say; but I must be gittin' out here; he is comin'."

Once again at the doorway, Madge was interrupted by the incoming of Mr. Norton, whom she was glad to meet, for she had resolved, if possible, to have a direct understanding of him.

"Well, bonny Madge," he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you."

She extended her hand to him, saying, cordially,

"I have wanted to see you very much, and have at last mustered courage to come and have a long talk."

"Walk into the library, dear; I shall be glad to talk with you on any and every subject."

The air that had been loaded with the heavy sighs and heavier words of the slave girl, was scarcely cool when the bland, polished, but cold-hearted and selfish New-Englander entered. Madge was too much excited to be cautious and approach her subject by slow degrees; she plunged at once into the very deepest of the difficulty.

"I have been waiting and watching, Mr. Butler, for you to fulfil the promise made to Helen, and carry out the noble plan which you first suggested to her, and to me, viz., the duty of slaveholders to manumit their slaves."

The man of rule, measure and method never moved a muscle or quivered a nerve, but sat there firmly gazing at the pale, excited girl.

"I understand all that, Madge," he answered, in a slow, methodical tone—"I understand the hot alarm of an impulsive girl; but you know time is required for the accomplishment of every great work. Rome, my dear young lady, was not built in an hour, and I must have time, care and thought for the carrying out of my design. Reason, philosophy and thought must act in this matter, not impulse and enthusiasm."

"When do you suppose you will see your way clearer than now?"

"I can't say; some time in the course of a few years, perhaps. These poor negroes are very ignorant and degraded. I must prepare them for a life of freedom."

"How? by keeping them still longer in slavery?" she archly inquired.

"For the present, yes," he replied, with a smile, "because slavery to them *now* is not an evil, only a necessary condition, such as any infant must suffer for awhile. These people are in their infancy, mere babes, in knowledge of life. I must bear with them patiently and"——

"How marvellously you talk like a native Southerner; but this is not the language you used when I first knew you, Mr. Norton. *Then*, you looked at the *moral* wrong, and found no ready excuses for the toleration of such an evil. There was then no 'paltering in a double sense' with a terrible human wrong. Now, Mr. Norton, my patience with you is exhausted. I have inquired and have learned that you are doing nothing toward the instruction of your slaves, but keeping them ground down in the old working routine. You are only coining their very heart-throbs into money, which I hope will never do you any good. Could Helen Norton see you now, though she loved you once so dearly, I believe she would scorn and hate you, as I do now, for a poor, narrow, money-loving Yankee, who sold his birthright for a miserable mess of pottage"; and with this she swept out of the house, vowing to herself that she would never cross the threshold again.

PATHWAYS IN PALESTINE.

The pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads;
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them,
From height to height
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewed with garments once, and palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst, calm—
On to Thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sands upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But chiselled in the hill-sides evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumb'ring land,
Nor time effaced:
Where Thy feet trod to bless, we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these:
Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond, sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead!
Our path is onward, till we see Thy face,
And hear Thy tread.

And now, wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land—
Thou, Thou art there!

—*The Three Wakings.*

LETTER FROM REV. THEODORE PARKER,

TO A FRIEND IN BOSTON.

ROME, Feb. 25, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: * * It is curious to study the institutions of Rome, and see how man decays here with such a government. The people of the Roman States—about three and a quarter millions—have one of the finest climates and countries in the world. See what they make of it. They have about twenty-five or thirty miles of railroad—one track to Frascati, another to Civita Vecchia—though other lines are laid out. The commerce is inconsiderable; manufactures almost nothing—all the spinning and weaving in Rome is done by hand; so is all the *sawing!* Agriculture returns to the rudest form; in all the fertile campagna about Rome, they get but one crop of grain from the land in three years; the rest of the time it lies fallow. The favorite work of agriculture once was to produce the vine, the olive, the fig, nuts and various grains. Now the farmer seeks chiefly the spontaneous product of the soil, grass, and on that he pastures his oxen, sheep and swine! But the labored products of the farm are on the decline. Rome exports about one million pounds of wool a year. I think it is her chief export, and may be worth two or three million dollars. In the city, the chief industry, after supplying the daily wants of the back and the belly, is devoted to the fine arts. I find that last year Rome sold old pictures to the amount of $16,000, and new ones to $134,000—say $150,000 for pictures. She sold $2,000 worth of old sculpture, and $230,000 worth of new. Then she exports cameos, mosaics, jewels, church ornaments, &c., to about $500,000 a year. Perhaps we might say her industry in the fine arts brought her in $1,000,000 in 1859. But the sale of these things is quite precarious, and depends on the number of strangers here. It is a hard time the poor artists have this year, when there are so few foreigners in town. It is curious to see the contrasts of niceness and rudeness in the same street. In a *studio*, men make statues of most exquisite grace and beauty—the triumph of mind over matter; in a *shop* next door, others make the strong boxes to hold those statues: they put a log of wood on two clumsy horses, one man gets a-top, another underneath, and with a miserable old saw they cut the log into planks to make the box! (We don't make many statues in Boston, but a top-sawyer is not known!) The elegant arts are held in high esteem, while the useful sink into neglect. It is curious to see how long it takes mankind to respect the industry which feeds and clothes, houses and comforts the human race. The work of ruling, of fighting, of "saving the soul," by some sort of hocus-pocus, this is thought decent and respectable; but farm-work, woods-work, shop-work, that is mean and debasing! Such is the notion that prevails in the classic writers of Greece and Rome, and with the "gentlemen" and "ladies" of New England to-day—I mean, with the *ornamental males and females*. Slavery is only supported by the profound contempt for productive industry which marks the South; and it has its support at the North chiefly in the same contempt. Miss Diddledididdiddle is descended from a blacksmith at Beverly or Marblehead; he was grandfather to this foolish thing; she is ashamed of her origin, and never sees an *anvil* without a blush of mortified vanity. Now, if I had a son, I should rather he would be a great engineer, a great mason, carpenter, or railroad builder, than a great painter, sculptor, or fiddler; and certainly I should rather my son were an *ordinary* third-rate tailor, shoemaker, brazier, than an ordinary third-rate sculptor to spoil marble and waste the time of men he strove to make statues of. How much better to be a common house-painter than a stupid *dauber of canvass!* In America—I mean, in the *free* States—the mass of the people, in their collective action, work right in respect to this—though uncounted individuals make the greatest mistakes; but here it is the community as a whole that falls into the error. Alas, for them! the miserable rags which are the clothing of the people, and the wretched food they eat, are consequences of the fatal blunder, and the haggard, melancholy faces of the common people, ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-fed, are the protest of Nature against the worship of Beauty and the scorn of Use. Think of a city exporting one million dollars' worth of trinkets, while she has not a saw-mill nor a power-loom! We manage this matter better in New England. There were seven paper mills in Massachusetts, a foundry at Saugus, and saw-mills more than I can recollect, before a picture had ever been painted in all New England, or a statue made. Jonathan had many a useful notion before he made him a *fiddle*.

In Europe, you see many things which seem strange to an American. Take the use of wine. If I am right, the Europeans consume about 6,500,000,000 gallons of wine. In France, leave out of account the pasture land which is not ploughed, and the forests, of the actual arable land, *one third* is devoted to the culture of the grape! Yet there are immense districts where no wine can be raised at all. I see it stated that the government returns make it appear that the people of France drink 850,000,000 gallons of wine, and the calculation is that the amount is not much less than 1,000,000,000! Yet I don't believe in the year 1859 there was so much drunkenness among the 39,000,000 people of France as among the 3,000,000 Yankees of New England! I have been four months at Rome; there are wine shops everywhere; I am out of doors from three to six hours a day, and I have never yet seen a man drunk; now and then one is merry, never intoxicated. The Romans, Italians, French, &c., are quite temperate; they drink their weak wine with water, and when they take liquors, it is only a little glassful at a time (which does not make a spoon-full). I don't believe there is a *bar* in all Italy where men step up and drink rum and water, gin and water, &c. In the North of Europe, and even in Switzerland, it is not so. The English, without help from the Irish and Scotch, drink about 600 or 700,000,000 gallons of beer every year, not to speak of the wine, spirits, &c., they take to wash it down withal. There is drunkenness. So you find it in Scandinavia, in Holland and North Germany. How do you think the Americans will settle the drink question? Certainly not by taking merely to water, tea, coffee, &c. We shall have more beer, perhaps return to the making of cider, and certainly plant vines where they will grow. Drunkenness is such a monstrous and ghastly evil, I would do almost anything to get rid of it. But I sometimes think we have taken the wrong track. I am glad to see the license law introduced to the New York Legislature, and think it will do more good than our New England scheme of prohibition by force.

So we have got a Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives at last! It is a great gain: all the weight of the Union must now incline *from* the Democratic party. I suppose Kansas may come into the Union this session, and that shameful quarrel be ended. But what violence on the part of slaveholders, what declarations that they will dissolve the Union if Seward is elected! I wonder the Union savers at Boston and New York do not see what fools they make of themselves by professing zeal for the Union while they so strike hands with the only men who attempt to destroy it. Just now, I see the South is rich, with her cotton crop worth $200,000,000; while the North is poor—the *grass crop* short by 33 per cent. in 1859, and the *grain crop* poor for the last three years. I take it the West is greatly in debt to the East for goods sent forward, not to speak of money put into (wild-cat) railroads, into lands which will not soon be settled, and into city debt. Prospects to me do not look well for the West for some years to come; the people are very improvident and wasteful. Such live lands and such slovenly farming don't go well together. I wonder how much the slave States are indebted to the free, for advances on crops, for money lent on mortgage, and for goods sent forward. I estimate that out of the $200,000,000 to be paid for the cotton crop, $75,000,000 have already been taken up by the South in advances, interest due, &c. I wish you would write me a letter—sometime when you have nothing else to do—on the financial relations of the South and the West with the East.

I see our exchanges with Spanish America amount to $114,000,000 a year (1858), and am surprised at it—though some Americans treat it as "contemptible." I think all the Spanish American exchanges of value (exports and imports) only make $340,000,000. Now, if we get more than a third, it is quite our share.

Just now, the two prominent nations of Europe are doing a great work—introducing a liberal scheme of commercial intercourse. Really, Napoleon the little, as we used contemptuously to call him, seems to be the most statesmanlike head in Europe, and is far wiser than the other Napoleon, who broke wickedly with the ideas of the age, and so properly was set down on that little rock at the end of the world, to point the moral of history and adorn its tale. I dislike much that Napoleon has done, but must confess an honest admiration for his efforts to liberate Italy, and to advance the industrial interests of France. After all, it is probably true that his nation deserves no better rule than he gives it, and is not capable of more liberal institutions. Those Celtic people have got EQUALITY; the old aristocratic regimé is perished utterly; all depends on universal suffrage; LIBERTY is something they care little about. A strange people are the French—with so much military courage, and *no civil courage at all.* I don't see how they could live under a Republican government—one like ours, I am sure, would be impossible. Truly and faithfully, yours,

—*The Liberator.* THEODORE PARKER.

MYRA TOWNSEND.

"This woman was full of good works."—Acts 9. 36.

THERE is nothing so calculated to awaken in us a love of goodness as to mingle with its inspired votaries in their lives of daily duty.

The late Myra Townsend's life was devoted to the elevation of the unfortunate. The writer has been privileged to share her friendship, and to hear from her lips recitals of incidents stranger than fiction, and of her indefatigable labors for the restoration of misguided and injured women. She was the moving spirit in instituting a plan and effecting an organization in Philadelphia, in 1847, for rescuing from infamy females who had been seduced from the path of virtue. An Italian girl, ROSA GOVONA, founded several institutions in her own country for poor and unfortunate females. In honor of this philanthropic Italian, Myra Townsend and her worthy coadjutors adopted the name of ROSINE for their association. This society has been signally successful in its Christ-like enterprise, and has, from year to year, published reports of its labors. It has appealed to the benevolent in the community and to the State Legislature for substantial aid in its praiseworthy efforts. The results of its labors are gratifying to the lovers of virtue and humanity.

In the intricate machinery of a time-piece, the mainspring is out of sight. So it was in a remarkable degree with this active, working, self-sacrificing woman. Man may err and his crimes be forgiven, but, in the present state of society, woman, with equal temptations and, as some assert, *less strength*, when drawn into similar error, is treated with contempt and placed outside the pale of earthly redemption. The demands of justice and the cries of her suffering sisters aroused Myra to active benevolence.

While Dorothea L. Dix was devoting her life to the amelioration of the insane, and with persuasive eloquence impressing the hearts and consciences of all who came within the atmosphere of her presence, Myra Townsend commenced to work with almost superhuman energy on behalf of the MORALLY insane, in the spirit of Him whose divine mission was "to seek and to save that which was lost," and who, in the presence of an erring and penitent woman, and her unforgiving accusers, stooped down and wrote upon the ground, "*Go and sin no more.*"

"Happy they who lose themselves in earnest work and work till they die." A few months ago, in company with a dear friend, I visited Myra at her home, and never, while memory holds her empire, will it be possible to forget the thrilling incidents she described of intriguing and seducing schemes, diabolical in their conception and execution, by which innocent and unsuspecting victims have been snared and drawn into the hands of the spoiler. In company with her and two of the managers, we visited the Rosine, where such words of hope and consolation as presented were administered to the inmates during a period of suspension from their cheerful, useful labor. Delightful it was to witness how her presence amongst the inmates enlivened every countenance.

The following extracts from an unfinished letter, written a few days before her death, attest her confidence in her divine mission. Speaking of the Rosine, "We have worked against wind and tide many a time, and, had we been among the faint-hearted, would have been tempted to lay down our oars, and let the bark drift along as it might. But somehow I have always felt that, let the wind blow as it would, and the storm threaten to sink us, yet we had a Pilot aboard that would keep us clear of the snags, and, if we kept under His direction, would safely bring us into the desired port, with a large number of the passengers. As in *other vessels*, we have had *some* (under discouragements, or thinking the voyage would extend longer than their patience) to jump overboard and think they could 'paddle their own canoe,' and sometimes they would sink right down and be lost, sometimes flounder about awhile, and then swim back, and, with extended arms, beg to be taken in again; but we have generally found those did the best who remained on board until some other craft came along, who wanted a hand, or some familiar pleasant homestead came in view, where they could be welcomed joyfully and depart with the hearty approval of all the crew. But, with all these fluctuations, we are still looking 'upward and onward' and hope

'To meet at last, all danger past,
A family in heaven.'

If we are not doing all we desire, we have reason to be thankful that our influence is not only growing in this city, but in others." (Similar institutions have been founded in Baltimore, New Orleans, Providence, R. I., and Cincinnati.) "Sympathy and mercy are thus being awakened, and prove there are those everywhere who are willing to make sacrifices for the good of humanity, and to acknowledge there is manhood and womanhood still living in the degraded and criminal."

Though the Rosine was her peculiar interest, her labor of love was not confined to it; she sympathized in every effort to elevate the standard of moral worth; she offered the right hand of fellowship and a hearty God-speed to such causes as she thought calculated to promote righteousness upon the earth. The abolition of the death penalty, the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden slave, were near her heart, and that of the poor inebriate claimed her active cooperation.

She had been heard to say, "When my work is finished, I should love to come in some day and put my hands upon the table, and my head upon my hands, and die."

Her departure, on the morning of the 20th of Eleventh month, 1859, was a beautiful exemplification of her desire. She retired to rest the preceding evening apparently in usual health, and ere day dawned her spirit calmly and quietly passed from "works to rewards," aged nearly sixty-two years.

The intelligence of her departure was received by those who *knew her* with a weight of sorrow too deep for utterance. The wailing that went up from the hearts of those she had been instrumental in snatching as brands from the burning cannot be pictured in this brief tribute. We will rest in the hope that the dispensation of her removal—which seems to us irreparable—will, through Infinite Goodness, be tempered; that her mantle may descend upon the living; that they, seeing her good works, will continue to advance the labor she began.

If a beautiful life here is a preparation for a sublime and glorious hereafter, cannot we trust the Infinite Father that what to our misty vision seems a final separation is another ordination in His providence for the redemption of humanity, and the means appointed by which we shall enter the portals of immortal life?

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern:

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it" (Ecclesiastes, chap. 12, v. 6, 7).—J. A. D.—*Chester Co. (Pa.) Times.*

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF HUMBOLDT.

Correspondence (March 6) of The London News.

BERLIN, March 6, 1860.

THE great literary novelty of the day is a thick octavo volume of "Letters from Alexander von Humboldt to Varnhagan von Ense," published by Brockhaus, of Leipzig, and edited by a Miss Ludmilla Assing, of this city, a niece of Varnhagen's, amongst whose papers (he died in October, 1858) these letters were found. Anything written by the great Humboldt is sure to attract general attention; but in this case public curiosity was more than usually excited when it transpired that the circulation of the work was prohibited in the Prussian dominions, and all copies found had been seized by the police. The reason assigned for this severity was that the letters contain many satirical things on the King of Prussia, General von Gerlach, and the other heroes of the Kreuzzeiting party, with numerous remarks tending to throw ridicule on the hyper-pietists in Prussia. It speaks well for the good sense and manly, straightforward impartiality of the Prince Regent that as soon as the obnoxious police measure was made known to him, he immediately sent an order to the President of the police to withdraw the prohibition and permit the free sale and perusal of the work.

It was at first the general impression that these letters were of a scientific nature, but a rapid skimming of the work is enough to refute that idea. The fact is, this correspondence was never intended either by the writer or receiver for publication. It is reported that the editress received from the firm of Messrs. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, three thousand dollars for the original manuscripts and the copyright. There has been without doubt a great want of judgment and discretion somewhere to allow of the publication of 250 private letters and notes extending over a period of thirty years, and commenting, in the freest and most unconstrained manner, on passing events and private conversations with illustrious and distinguished personages. It has been remarked here that in England, where the liberty of the press is as well or better understood and respected than in any other country of the world, such an indiscretion would be very unlikely to occur, and allusion has been made to the analogous case of Lord Byron, who left all his papers and private correspondence as a legacy to his friend, Thomas Moore, who had the tact to suppress the greater part of it.

SONG OF A FAMILY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY REV C. T. BROOKS.

O MAKE our house Thy Sanctuary!
Come in to us, a friendly guest,
And in our circle ever tarry;
Then shall we be forever blest,
And Thou, a house-mate, shall these walls
Transfigure into royal halls.

Joy dwells, O Lord, where'er thou stayest;
There blooms a heavenly blessedness;
In silk, Thy poorest Thou arrayest,
Though men see but a ragged dress.
The purest high delight is there,
And even in want is wealth, to spare.

Thou every morning us awakest,
And graciously to prayer dost call.
The household cares Thou undertakest,
Thou knowest what is best in all.
And care, though 'twere a leaden load,
Is but a feather's weight with God.

One tender bond all hearts embraces,
A heavenly bond Thy hand hath wove:
The rooms are turned to temple-spaces,
Illumined with God's peace and love.
Grace is the sunshine of our home,
And there God's angels go and come.

THE BLIND NEGRO BOY PIANIST.

HIS REMARKABLE POWERS—SINGULAR EFFECT OF HIS MUSIC UPON HIMSELF.

WE have before alluded to the remarkable musical talent of the blind slave boy Tom, the property of a slaveholder in Savannah. The report of this boy's wonderful powers is thus confirmed by the Charleston *Courier* of January 24: the editor says:

"He strikes the keys with all the confidence of one largely gifted with the musical faculty, who had devoted many years to the cultivation of the talent. His manipulation is most graceful, his touch is now exquisitely delicate, and then all the strength of his frail body is thrown into his hands, and he strikes the instrument with impassioned earnestness.

"In his execution, he not only reproduces the piece with perfect fidelity, giving every note its sound, but the style of the performer is likewise exactly imitated. Several of our most distinguished musicians performed in Tom's hearing long and complex operatic pieces, and the Heaven-taught boy reproduced them without committing a single mistake.

"We might conclude that this boy's talent consisted in a remarkable development of the faculties of memory and imitation, did he confine himself to those compositions he learns by the ear. But be not only astonishes by the quickness with which he acquires a piece, no matter how long and difficult, but he improvises with readiness and fluency. On the occasion of which we speak, Tom was directed by his master to play an original piece, and he complied with cheerful readiness. He composed with all the ease and confidence that mark the fluent orator in the use of words.

"These original compositions increase the wondering interest excited by the performance of this prodigy, and force us to look upon him as one possessed of that rare and strange gift termed genius.

"We have alluded to the exquisitely graceful touch of this lad, but what we have said concerning his manipulation gives no idea of his style and manner. For he has a style of his own which is seen when improvising, and it is as brilliant as it is original and peculiar. But it is his manner and countenance that most profoundly impress. When not under the influence of sweet sounds, his face is devoid of life and expression. This is partly owing to blindness, but in far greater measure to imbecility. We see a boy with a decidedly African type of face—low retreating forehead, flat spreading nose and projecting upper lip, with every mark of idiocy—we see this awkward and stupid negro led to the piano stool. He takes his seat, but the first touch on the responsive keys shows us that his soul is made for melody. He sweeps his hands over the keys with the air of a master, and then we behold the inspiration manifesting itself in his countenance and movements till interest changes to awe, and we are dumb with astonishment. The melody penetrates his whole being. An ecstatic influence flows from the keys into his fingers, and rolls like a tide through his veins, lighting up a fire in every nerve as it courses along. His head is thrown back; now it rests on one shoulder, then on the other, and again it falls upon his breast. A light kindles on the blank face, and as we gaze, wondering, the fashion of his countenance seems changed. It is absolutely beautiful. The divine ravishment increases every moment, and when he is thoroughly suffused with the inspiration of the melody the muscles of his face twitch, and his upper teeth are pressed firmly upon his lower lip. A feeling of reverence steals over us as we behold this mysterious and sudden transformation."

DINING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE servants of the hall, headed by the steward, or *maitre d'hotel*, with his rod of office, brought the dishes to the table in formal procession. Their approach and arrival were usually announced by the sounding of trumpets and music. Those who served at the table itself, whose business was chiefly to carve, and present the wine, were of still higher rank—never less than esquires, and often, in the halls of princes and great chiefs, noble barons. The meal itself was conducted with the same degree of ceremony, of which a vivid picture may be drawn from the work called the *Ménagier de Paris*, composed about the year 1393. When it was announced that the dinner was ready, the guests advanced to the hall, led ceremoniously by two *maitres d'hotel*, who showed them their places, and served them with water to wash their hands before they began. They found the tables spread with fine tablecloths, and covered with a profusion of richly-ornamented plate, consisting of salt cellars, goblets, pots or cups for drinking, spoons, &c. At the high table the meats were eaten from slices of bread, called trenchers (*tranchoirs*), which, after the meats were eaten, were thrown into vessels called *couloures*. In a conspicuous part of the hall stood the dresser, or cupboard